THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

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EARLY MORNING SCENE.

You may talk of moonlight scenes,
Where fair Luna's mellow beams
Bathe with soft, translucent splendor, vale
and hill;
But, if on some autumn morn,
When the day is newly born,
You will look, you'll see a sight more lovely
still.

On fair Mississippi's bank,
Where the grass lay dark, and dank,
At the early morn I lately took my way;
All around was hushed and still,
Heavy fragrance seemed to fill
The soft air, and sober in approaching
day.

In deep silence vast, profound,
All things earthly seemed then bound,
And I shud'ring, held my breath in dread
and fear;
Ghostly figures gray, and slow,
Seemed to hither, thither, go,
Drawing every instant nearer, and more
near.

But in scarce a moment's time,
Aye, before the church bell's chime
Could have struck the hour of day that now
had come;
There arose a murm'ring breeze,
And a rustling in the trees,
That sounded like a tiny muffled drum.

And far in the east was seen
A shade of roseate gleam,
And the ghostly shadows vanished from
my sight;
And another moment's space,
And such wondrous change took place,
As the greatest poet's pen could never
write.

For, behold! the scene so gray,
Had by magic passed away,
And the earth in all its pristine glory shone;
As it never shone before,
Since those old, old days of yore,
When in Eden's vale sin ne'er had caused
a moan.

Upon hillside, vale and dell,
The bright sun god's radiance fell,
Clothing every thing it touched with beauty
rare;
Till dame Nature's brilliant dress,
Seemed embodied loveliness
That no power in all the earth could make
more fair.

Every leaf, and blade of grass,
By this great magician's glass,
Was most quickly made to shine with dia-
monds bright;
And the foliage's hue
Autumn painted, hung with dew,
One could ne'er believe had known the
shades of night.

Then talk not of moonlight fair,
For more lovely far, and rare,
Is the moment when the Day God comes to
view;
Fairy fingers paint the scene
With rich colors, wondrous sheen,
And each morning is transformed by
beauties new.

STELLA M. N.

THE HAUNTED POOL.

BY DAVID KER.

The sun was setting over the Ganges one bright summer evening in 1871. The day had been a hot one even for India, and it was an unspeakable relief to everyone when the scorching sun began to decline at last, and the lengthening shadows of the tall palms along the river-bank told that night was at hand.

And now the Hindu inhabitants of the neighboring village, who had been lying motionless all afternoon under the shade of their reed-thatched roofs, or of the vast overarching banyan trees around them, came trooping down to the water in a body.

Instantly the whole bank of the great river—so lovely and silent all through the long, burning day—became all alive with noise and bustle. Children paddled in the broad, still pools, or chased each other in and out of the tall, feathery bamboo clump that grew along the bank. Women filled their earthen pitchers from the stream, or washed their threadbare clothes. Men began to scour their brass lotahs (drinking vessels), or to kindle fires for the cooking of their evening meals; while a little farther down the stream, a group of young girls, wading out into the shallow water, fell to splashing each other with might and main, amid shouts of merry laughter.

To any one accustomed to the ways of India, it would have seemed strange enough to see, upon the wrists and ankles of nearly all the girls, and many of their mothers likewise, heavy bangles of solid silver, which any western lady might have been proud to wear. But the Hindu peasants, to whom savings banks are utterly unknown, have no way of keeping their money safe except by carrying it about with them in this fashion—a somewhat hazardous plan, it must be owned, in a country swarming with the most expert and daring thieves in the world.

Suddenly, one of the girls, who had ventured a little farther out into the stream than the rest, disappeared under water with a piercing shriek, as if dragged down by some overpowering force. A few bubbles that rose suddenly to the surface were the only token of her fate, while her terrified companions turned and rushed back to the shore as fast as possible, screaming:

"A crocodile! a crocodile!"

Several days had passed before any of the village women dared to approach the scene of this terrible mischance. At length, one bolder than the rest, ventured in again, and the others, seeing that no harm came of her daring, began to follow her example. More than a week passed without any accident, and everything was beginning to go on as usual, when, one evening, a second girl disappeared in precisely the same manner as the first.

The terror was now universal, and all the best hunters of the village set themselves with one accord to get rid of this destroying crocodile. Baits were laid, traps set, men posted along the bank with loaded guns to keep watch for the monster; but, look for him as they might, nothing was to be seen of him.

Several days later the wife of one of the villagers was washing her white wrapper on the bank of the river, when it slipped from her hands and floated slowly out into the wide, still pool formed by the bend of the stream. The woman at once waded after it, and had just succeeded in clutching it, when she was seen by those on the bank to give a sudden start, throw her arms convulsively into the air and disappear under water just as the other two had done before.

* * * * * * *

About three days after this last catastrophe, Mr. Henry Sparks, the British Commissioner for the District of Jungleywallah, was at work in his office amid a perfect mound of papers, halting every now and then to wipe his streaming face (which, despite the numerous *punkahs*, or swinging-fan, worked by his native servant outside with a cord passed through a hole in the wall, looked very much like a half-melted snowball), when he was suddenly disturbed by a knock at the door.

"Come in!" cried he snappishly, expecting the entrance of some Hindu farmer or peasant with a complaint as long and unintelligent as an Assyrian inscription. But at the first glimpse of the person who entered his face cleared at once.

The visitor was a tall native, with the handsome features and stately bearing of a Mahratta. His figure, nearly six feet in height, was so gaunt and sinewy that it seemed to be made of pin-wire, and his piercing black eyes looked out from beneath the folds of his white turban with the quick, keen, watchful glance of a practical hunter.

In truth, Ismail, the Mahratta, was well used to tracking other game beside deer or tigers. Over and above his occupations as scout, hunter and government courier, he was in constant request as a detective, and, for tracking down either a wild beast or a criminal, he had no equal in Bengal.

Gliding into the room as noiselessly as a shadow, he made a low salaam, and said in his own language:

"May the humblest of his servants speak to the Sahib?" (master).

There was nothing particularly humble, it must be admitted, in the speaker's bearing; on the contrary, he held himself erect, and looked the Commissioner full in the face with the air of a man who knew his own value, and had something to tell which he felt to be worth hearing; but Mr. Sparks, with whom Ismail was an old acquaintance, appeared to understand these signs perfectly, and said:

"What has Ismail to tell? I am listening."

"I have been at the village of Ramganj," answered the Mahratta, laying a stress upon the last word.

"Ramganj?" echoed Mr. Sparks. "Ah, to be sure; the place where that crocodile's been eating up so many people."

"Are you quite sure, Sahib?" asked the Hindu, keenly watching the effect of his words, "that it was a crocodile that did it?"

The Englishman started, and looked fixedly at Ismail's immovable face.

"That's how I heard the story told," rejoined he. "If it wasn't a crocodile what was it?"

"Did the Commissioner, Sahib," inquired Ismail, "ever hear of a crocodile being so nice in his eating as to devour none but women, and only such women as had plenty of silver bangles on?"

Again Mr. Sparks gave a slight start, and the sparkle of his eye showed that he was beginning to guess the riddle, but he took care to make no interruption, seeing that Ismail wished to have the pleasure of telling the whole story himself.

"I went to the village," continued Ismail; "and talked with the people. Then I dived into the river (my lord knows that I can find my way through water as well as through thickets), and at the bottom I came upon a *noosed rope*.

The Commissioner nodded with the air of a man who understood the whole affair perfectly, but still he said nothing.

"The Sahib understands how it was done," proceeded the Hindu. "When any woman worth robbing went into the water, the noose tangled her feet, and the robber, hidden among the bushes on the opposite bank, dragged her down and drowned her, and then plundered the corpse at his leisure."

"I see," said Mr. Sparks. "Well, Ismail, you know there's a Government reward of a thousand rupees ($500) for every murderer brought to justice; see what you can make of the case."

The Mahratta's black eyes flashed fire, for five hundred dollars is more to a Hindu than five thousand to a white man, and such a chance did not come to him every day. He went out without a word, but Mr. Sparks felt satisfied that there would be news of the criminal before long.

Ismail plunged at once into the surrounding jungle, and traversed it at a pace which few men could have kept up over such ground and in such a climate, till he came in sight of Ramganj, but instead of entering the village he struck down a by-path to the river, swam across, went slowly up the opposite side till he came to two bamboo-clumps close together, and groping in the water beside them, pulled up a rope.

His next move was to hunt out a big stone, upon the sharp edge of which he sawed the cord to and fro till it held only by one strand. One slash of his long, sharp knife would have done the work much quicker, but Ismail doubtless had his reasons for what he did. Then placing the stone in the shallow water with the sharp side uppermost, and the rope lying right across it, he vanished into the thicket.

An hour had passed since his disappearance, and night had already set in when a dark figure came creeping up to the same spot, and pulled at the half-severed cord, which instantly parted in his hand.

The man started, and held up the broken ends to the light of the rising moon, but finding them rough and frayed as if by constant rubbing, and feeling the sharp-edged stone lying just beneath, he appeared satisfied that it must have been an accident and knelt down to knot the cord together.

So engrossed was the villian with his treacherous work that he never lifted his head to look around him, but even had he been less preoccupied he would scarcely have heard the noiseless footfall of one who had been tracking the tiger and the antelope through their native jungles ever since he was ten years old. The rogue was still quite unsuspicious of harm, when a tall, shadowy figure rose behind him as suddenly as if it had started up through the earth, and a tremendous blow from a heavy bamboo club falling upon his bowed head like a thunderbolt, felled him senseless to the earth.

That very night the crestfallen robber was sent off to the nearest British station, escorted by a strong guard of native policemen, to be tried and executed, as he deserved, while Ismail received from the hands of the Commissioner himself, together with a warm commendation of his shrewdness, the thousand rupees which he had so well earned.—*Our Continent.*

Marrying and Blacking Boots.

American girls who marry foreign adventurers are much in the same position as men who buy mining claims with their eyes shut. They must trust to luck for the yield and sometimes for the title, and they ought not to be surprised if they get dirt instead of gold dust and pieces of stone in place of nuggets.

A mine worth owning is never sold for a song. A husband worth marrying never makes a market of his title.

But when a fool with money buys a mine in the dark he has no right to grumble if he finds himself swindled. When a girl sells herself for the sake of wearing a dimsy handle to her name she ought not to cry if she finds herself wedded to a worthless vagabond. Foreigners who travel on their shape and title to pick up a rich wife are never anything but worthless vagabonds.

It appears from the record of the State Department that some of our American girls who have been traded off by their parents or who have sold themselves to titled vagabonds in Germany are having an unpleasant awakening from their dream of bliss. They find themselves but little better than drudges in their foreign homes. Housework, cooking and even washing, to say nothing of patching and mending, are expected of them. Some of them submit. Perhaps they have no preference between acquiescence and a beating. But there is a limit to all things, and submission stops at blacking boots.

When an American girl who has been thus disposed of in the foreign market is required to black the boots of her lord and master, her spirit rebels, and she throws the brush and the blacking-box in his face.

But why object to that particular domestic employment? A girl who blackens womanly self-respect by marrying a foreign rapscallion with a title to his name and not a dollar in his pocket, ought not to mind blacking boots. The occupation is not a dishonorable one. There are bootblacks in our hotels and on our streets with more manly and honorable instincts than these foreign scamps ever dreamed of possessing. A girl who sells herself or allows herself to be sold for a title without love or affection, sacrifices the best attributes of womanhood. What has she a right to expect except a cold, calculating life, full of frivolity or of abuse?

Better a thousand times that she should black the boots of a true man without wealth, but with love and honor, than live a life of ease with a cold, dead heart in her bosom and a worthless foreign vagabond at her side. Better rear the children of an honorable man, even as bootblacks, than to go through life, unloved, in misery for a beggarly and dishonored title.

He Had Been "Out West."

I had supposed that the far West was a new Garden of Eden, and that one had but to venture there to gain the wealth of a Monte Cristo. I met at the Union station a man whom I imagined was by this time a bonanza king, as he went Westward years ago. But if he is a nabob he is traveling *incog.*, and his conversation is not calculated to stimulate Western excursions. He wore a shabby ulster, long hair and a pensive, searching expression of sympathy. He greeted me as an old acquaintance at once.

"Well," I queried, "how do you like the West?"

"I like it just well enough," said he, "to remain in the East the remainder of my days. I tell you, the East is good enough for any man who hasn't a life and death dispute with the law on hand. In the East a man above the average in smartness can get along; but go West and you find no drones. Every man you meet is on the dead run for wealth and you must stay up late, rise up early and bolt your meals to keep up with the stragglers in the procession. There's lots of money West, and big wages. I have just come from Colorado, where I got $10 a day for driving a mule team. But—"

"That is a very good salary for that kind of labor?"

"Oh! it is, is it? Well, you go out there and see. Why, my friend, I have paid $1.50 for a cup of coffee, $2.75 for a glass of beer, and $4 for a horn-handled jack-knife with one blade. I have been in the mountains with a party when a chew of tobacco was put up at a raffle, at a dollar a chance, and if the winner of the tobacco finally got away with it, he had to dodge the contents of the revolvers of the party and keep out of sight for a week. Talk about the West to me! It is a good place to die in; but I propose to live from this time out where the sun rises early, and there is no corner on the luxuries of life!"

FORTUNES OUT OF THE EARTH.

Albany Furnishing the Sand for Millions of Molds.

A large proportion of the molding sand consumed in the foundries of the United States is dug out of the hills of Albany county. It is said that everything in soluble metal, from a Krupp gun to a heel plate for a lady's shoe, has been cast in Albany sand. Quantities of it have been exported as ballast. The annual shipment of sand obtained hereabouts from this city is estimated at from 75,000 to 100,000 tons, the price paid for it, delivered on board the cars or boats, being about $1.25 per ton, making a business involving an annual revenue of $100,000. Two-thirds of the whole product goes out of Albany by water, the sloops which bring stone and lumber to this port usually returning with a cargo of sand. There is a demand for the sand which can scarcely be supplied, the beds in other sections of the country from which the consumers have drawn for years having become exhausted. The sand excavated in Albany has, too, a reputation which no other possesses. It has what molders call "life," a quality which adapts itself to all climates and conditions. It is also cleaner and finer than most other sands. Castings turned out of it need comparatively little dressing.

It is found below the surface usually, at the depth of three or four feet. It lies in strata averaging from two to eight inches in thickness, one above the other. Property on which sand veins are known to exist sells at from $125 to $500 per acre. The soil after the sand is removed does not depreciate for agricultural uses. Dealers more frequently buy the privilege of excavating the sand at a stipulated price, leaving the owner the property really undisturbed at the end. The process of removing the sand is very simple. Section by section the sand is taken out from beneath the superficial soil, which is then allowed to drop until the whole field has been lowered to a depth corresponding to the thickness of the layers of soil. The sand diggers extract the material as dexterously as a clever boy will scoop the apples out of the crust of a pie. Hundreds and hundreds of acres in this county have undergone this process without apparent injury to the value of the land for other purposes.—*Albany Journal.*

He Was Too Late.

Among the passengers on the train over the Lansing road the other day was an old man with a sore eye and a squeaky voice and a stiff neck. The train had scarcely left the capital city when he caught the conductor's arm, and asked if the next station was Livonia.

"No, sir; Livonia is fifty miles down the road," was the reply.

At Okemos the old gent asked the same question, and received about the same reply. At Williamstown he appealed to the passengers and refusing to be convinced he pushed his head out of the window and lost his hat. As the brakeman announced Fowlerville the old man suddenly stood up and asked:

"Did I understand you to say Livonia?"

"No, sir; Livonia is still beyond," was the reply.

He doubted it, and going out on the platform he got a cinder in the well eye and was presently unable to see at all. A kind-hearted man lent him a handkerchief; and when the train reached Howell he was able to run down the conductor and repeat his former inquiry.

"No, sir—no, sir!" sharply replied the official—"Livonia is still further on. Is your ticket for Livonia?"

"No; I'm going beyand."

"Then what are you so anxious about?"

"Well, the last time I come through Livonia there was a little red-headed man behind a pile of staves with a club in his hand, and jist around the corner of a pile of shingles was a big bald-headed man with a rock in his fist. They was daring each other to come out, but the train hustled along before the climax come. I was kinder thinking, you know—that is, I was kinder in hopes that by the time we got there this morning the little red-head would have got his dander up 'nuff to sail in."

"How long ago was this?"

"Bout six weeks."

"You'd better go off and soak your head!" snapped the official as he walked away.

"Yes, maybe I had," sighed the old man as he sat down. "I'd do it in a minit if I knew 'twould help my eyes. We're gittin' clus down to Livonia now, and the way my eyes are I couldn't tell red-head from bald-head nor make out who was on top. I wonder where the soakin' place is on this car."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Fighting in Egypt.

The London *Standard's* Cairo correspondent says that the latest official accounts of the fighting at Tokn state that the Egyptians lost 11 officers and 142 men, besides 6 Turks and several Greeks. They also lost 1 gun and 300 rifles. About three hundred and forty of them regained their ship. The Egyptians during the fight formed a hollow square, when a small number of the enemy locked their shields together and rushed through the Egyptian line. An immediate panic among the Egyptians resulted. It is doubtful if black troops can be spared from Massowah, which is in the same critical position as Suakin. The British gunboat Ranger has been ordered from Aden to Suakin.

The London *Times*, in a leading article, concludes that the continued presence of a substantial English garrison in Egypt is essential to the interests of civilization.

An Incident at Gettysburg.

"Here's where I came to grief," said a Twelfth Regiment man, as he stood upon Seminary Ridge. "How did it happen?" was asked. "Well," said he, "if you wish I'll tell you, but I fear I may be wearisome. I always had the unenviable reputation of talking too much, and on that 1st day of July, 1863, my propensity to be too loquacious came very near ending my career. You see they brought us up to the brow of this hill on the double-quick, and we found we had a beautiful chance to get a cross-fire on a brigade of 'Johnnies' that lay down there in the open field. We peppered them awhile, and then our boys began to shout 'Forward!' and 'Charge!' I don't think the order came through the regularly constituted channels. It was a sort of spontaneous and voluntary movement on the part of the men, who were brim full of fight on this occasion. The Colonel and Adjutant both tried to find out 'Who gave the order?' but all we knew about it was that everybody in the regiment was shouting 'Forward!' The advance was inevitable, so our officers placed themselves in our front and away we went like a whirlwind. We had captured and driven in all but about twenty or thirty of the rebs, after a slight resistance, and my propensity to talk was so strong upon me that I couldn't help telling the 'Johnnies' that were hanging behind all about our good treatment of prisoners, etc., and thus I didn't notice when the regiment went back to its old position. When I came to my senses I found I was alone. I concluded I would go back, and so informed them, but they very emphatically ordered me to remain.

"Now, something had to be done, so I quickly determined to take my chances of instant death rather than perish by the slower method of disease and starvation, and I informed them in not very elegant terms, modes of expression I do not now use, that they might go straight to a very warm country. Then I ran, and the faster the bullets came the faster I ran, till after a while a shot from off to my right came and struck me in the left groin, and down I went. O, you needn't laugh; the bullet struck me in front, I'm happy to say, and I've never regretted the decision I made in such a hurry." "What became of you afterward?" was asked. "Well, I lay there unable to move, till nearly dark, and had a good chance to review the Confederate army, as most of it swept over me. Artillery wheels and horses' feet came uncomfortably near, but I escaped death—providentially, it always seemed to me. About sunset the 'Johnnies' carried me back to the Pennsylvania College, but it would make too long a story to tell you all my experiences there. I will only say that from that point, lying near an open door, I could see many of the movements of the Johnnies, including the formation and advance of Pickett's division, and could hear the yell of the rebs as they swept forward, and then the glad hurrahs of our boys when the charge was repulsed. There were fifteen of us wounded men at the College—the other 700 were Confederates—and we cheered, too, when our boys did, until the Johnnies threatened to kill us if we didn't stop. I shall never forget the four terrible days I passed there—days of alternate hope and fear—nor the joy I felt on that morning when gray coats went away and blue coats appeared. But I'm getting back into my old habit of talking too much. Please excuse me. I'm apt to forget myself when thinking of those days."—*Boston Journal.*

A Chinese Protest.

AN INDIGNANT PROTEST AGAINST THE ACTION OF FRANCE.

The Chinese government has addressed a circular letter relative to Annam to all foreign powers. The text of that document, recently delivered to Mr. Frelinghuysen, the Secretary of State, by the Minister of China at Washington, is as follows:

Annam has been a dependent State to the Ta Tsing dynasty for more than two hundred years, the ruler of the former sending tribute to the latter and receiving from the latter his investiture. Some twenty years ago, when the northern portion of Annam was disturbed by rebels, the Ta Tsing dynasty sent troops across the frontier to quell and disperse them. This occupied a space of upward of ten years and cost the government many millions of dollars in order to strenuously protect and defend the government of Annam. Now France invades that country without cause, and, availing herself of the opportunity of the death of its king, has enforced the Hue treaty, in which there is a provision that "China must not interfere with the government of Annam." This shows that France refuses to recognize Annam as a vassal to China. The foreign powers from these facts can with equity distinguish which government is in the wrong and which is in the right.

If France desires to maintain friendly relations with China, why should we not discuss the matter amicably? If she insists upon invading the northern part of Annam, where our troops are stationed, this indicates that she is determined to break the friendly tie, and our troops there cannot remain with folded arms, but must meet them in the field.

We, therefore, send this communication to all foreign powers, showing that in the event of the friendly tie being broken the cause of the rupture does not come from China.

"WHERE do you suppose that man is driving?" inquired an Austin gentleman, pointing to a flashily-dressed fellow behind a stylish team. "Into bankruptcy," was the quick reply of a bystander.

TALES OF A STAGE ROBBER.

HE RUDELY DISPELS SOME POPULAR WESTERN NOTIONS.

Some of His Adventures with Tenderfeet in the Sierra Valley—Laughing Over Them—A Recipe for Making Bold a Robber.

The popular belief that it takes a brave man to rob a stage is rudely dispelled by John Marshall, a highwayman now in jail in Reno, awaiting trial for stopping the Sierra Valley stage and compelling the passengers to give up their valuables. Marshall is not a formidable-looking man, but he has nevertheless a reckless air about him that makes a man whom he threatens to shoot feel that he is likely to keep his word. Since his arrest, being reasonably certain that he will pass the next ten or twenty years in some prison, provided always that his career is not cut short by lynchers, he has devoted much of his time to reminiscences of his adventures on the road. It is suspected, now that he is at bay, that he takes some delight in casting ridicule upon his numerous victims, but the opinion also prevails that there is some ground for it. Every man who has had experience with stage or train robbers shows the effects of his fight for years afterward.

"Talking about brave men," Stage Robber Marshall said one night in jail, "the idea that it takes a man of great nerve and daring to rob a stage is a great mistake. I can take the softest tenderfoot you ever saw, and after fixing him up in the right style so the people in the stage will know his profession the minute they set their eyes on him, I'll bet I can scare the life out of the best concord load you ever see. This notion that we hurt people or threaten to hurt them, and that we are rough and all that, is all nonsense. We just lay for the stage in a lonely place, and when the leaders heave in sight we level our guns and maybe fire a shot or two in the air to make the horses jump and rattle the driver a little. Then when all hands are looking out of the windows, with their eyes popping out of their sockets, we yell, 'Hands up!' Nine times out of ten that's all we have to say or do. The fellers in the coach get out of their own accord, and we just stand them up in a row, and while one of us holds a pistol the others go through their pockets and take what few little keepsakes they happen to have handy."

"Why, I've been in more'n a dozen hold-ups, and in only one case were there more'n two of us. When the things got into the papers, though, it was always said there were a dozen fierce highwaymen, all armed to the teeth, and that they shot the stage and the passengers' clothes all full of holes. Why, a year ago last winter my pard and I was walking along the mountain road, not thinking of anything in particular, when along came a couple of tenderfeet in a carriage. Before we could catch our breath, one of them threw up both hands, knocking the other's hat off, and hollered, 'For God's sake; don't shoot!'

"Well, now, we hadn't any idea of shooting at all, and didn't know those fellers were in these parts; but when they sort o' reminded us of our business by commencing to unbuckle their watches and weasels, why, we just took them in charge, of course, and told the tenderfeet never to let us catch them on that road again for it was our'n. They thanked us so warmly for sparing their lives that I felt a little uneasy about it.

"I and my pard had robbed the Sierra valley stage three times now at the same place. I'll tell you how it was done. Pard had a Winchester and I had a pair of Colts in my belt, but the job was done every time with an old powder and ball pistol that had no lead in it, and wouldn't have gone off if there had been one, for I didn't have any caps. Pard would fire his Winchester as close to the ears of the horses as he could without dropping them, and I would swing the old blunderbuss in the air and holler. Every time it happened just the same. The chaps climbed out, begging that there should be no bloodshed, and we would say there wouldn't be any if the yield was good, but that we would have to kill somebody if we didn't get enough to pay for our trouble. Every mother's son of them would give up things that we'd never have thought of looking for or demanding. There was only just my pard and I, but the passengers would think they could see some of our men behind every tree, and we'd holler once in a while some command to the boys in the woods to be sure and hit the right ones if they fired.

"Oh, Lord!" Marshall said with a prodigious laugh, "it breaks me up when I think of one feller who fainted dead away once. We'd just got them in a row good when this fellow's knees commenced to knock together, and he kept getting out of line. I finally thought I'd scare him and the rest of them a little, so I hollered, pretending to be giving orders to the boys hidden behind rocks and trees:

"'Boys, bore a hole in this galoot with the light overcoat on if he moves an inch, or any of the rest of them.'

"Just then a big feller, the second one from the limber-legged chap, had a chill like, and his teeth came together with such a noise that the other feller thought somebody was cocking a rifle, and with a whoop he dropped in a dead faint. The rest of them thought he had been shot dead. They were too scared to notice that there had been no report of a gun. Well, we came pretty near overdoing the thing that time. They all got so faint and sick that it was hard work to find their valuables. It is a great convenience to a stage robber to have the passengers hand their stuff right out.

"Speaking about weapons, why, I have robbed stages up in California and over in Utah without any weapons at all. You don't need any. I'll bet a tanner that I can take an old-fashioned tin candlestick and hold up the best stage load that ever came over the mountains. The driver is generally as badly frightened as any of them. He is always looking out for agents, and he sees them behind every bush. I have robbed stages all alone, and made drivers and passengers give up their arms, their watches and money, and then dance for me. They thought I had any number of pards back in the rocks, and they didn't dare say 'peep.' Well, of course, that's the great advantage we have in our business. We scare them to begin with, and then they see everything double. One man is just as good as fifty in this line. He don't need to be a hero, either. He just wants a little nerve and an imperious air. If I had always worked alone I'd have been a rich man to-day, and I wouldn't be here either. I made my great mistake when I commenced working in partnership. It will ruin any man in my profession. If I ever get out of this scrape I'm going to jump the country. The business isn't what it used to be years ago. It's too easy. It makes me sick sometimes when I think of the tenderfeet I've robbed. I ought to have gone into the train racket long before this."

"When His Heart Thawed Out."

One day two or three years ago a gruff old man, hard-hearted and given to drink, and living alone in a house on Gratiot street, found a crippled boy nine or ten years of age crying in front of his door. It was his way to curse children and drive them away, but in this instance he spoke kindly to the lad, and even sympathized with him. For that once his hardened heart seemed to thaw out, and men who noticed his kind action wondered greatly.

By and by the crippled boy, known as Jakie, seemed to grow into the old man's heart and spent hours with him at his house. He was, so far as any one could remember, the first and only human being to say a kind word for gruff old Ben.

When the old man fell sick a few weeks ago nobody missed him for several days. Indeed, no one cared much whether he was sick or well, but some one interested himself enough to discover that the sick man was being nursed by the cripple. The days and nights must have been terrible lonesome to the lad, but he was faithful to the last. The other morning he quietly announced to the neighbors that old Ben was dead. Those who went in found the rooms in neat order, the dead man lying as if asleep, and the money to bury him was safe in an old wallet in the bureau. When they asked Jakie about it he explained:

"He died as easy as a baby. 'Long at first he used to curse and swear about his sickness, but after a while he let me read the Bible to him, and sometimes I saw tears in his eyes."

"Folks thought him a hard man."

"But he wasn't. When his heart thawed out he was like a child. One day I brought him from the chest a lot of old letters, the photograph of a woman and baby, and he cried over them. I guess they were dead, and I guess he had lots of trouble."

"Did he die easy?"

"Just like going to sleep," answered the lad. "It was just at daylight. I sat by the bed and had fallen asleep when he put out his hand and whispered: 'Jakie, I'm dying!' With that I jumped up to do something, but he said it was too late. There was a great change in him. All the hardness had gone out of his face, his eyes had a kind look, and the boys who used to be afraid of him wouldn't have known him for the same man. I was reading to him from the old Bible when all at once his fingers let go of my hand and he was dead."

"And then?"

The boy turned away and wept.

From the day gruff old Ben had addressed him a kind word the prayers of a child pleading for a wicked man had been heard in Heaven. He had prayed for him in life and after death, and if the prayer had not brought that peaceful look to the white, dead face, what else could have done it? M. QUAD.

Eating.

Edward Payson Weston, the pedestrian, is in the habit, by his own account, of giving wholesome advice to the British aristocracy about their diet. He occasionally dines at the tables of the great, and makes comments on the viands somewhat in this style:

A young lady who sat next to him, and to whom he was a perfect stranger, expressed a desire for beef well done.

"Excuse me, Miss, but you'll get no more nourishment out of that than out of chips and shavings."

Mr. Weston is not without hopes that he will eventually reform the dinners of the peerage, and persuade "our old nobility" that half-cooked meat, and a walk of 500 miles in 100 days make the summit of human bliss.

A Legal Complication.

The first legal complication arising from the change of time occurred in Boston. On the 13th a notice for the examination of a poor debtor was issued from the office of the Commissioner of Insolvency. It was returnable on the 20th inst. at nine o'clock in the forenoon. According to custom the poor debtor is allowed one hour's grace. He appeared before the Commissioner at forty-eight minutes past nine o'clock, standard time, but the Commissioner ruled that it was after ten o'clock, and defaulted him. The case will probably be brought before the Supreme Court.

"ENQUERRE now admits of a second plate of soup." This is all right, but if a man's appetite will not admit of a second plate of soup, etiquette is worth nothing to him.

WIT AND WISDOM.

DOING good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

WHEN a young man begins to raise down upon his face it is no wonder that he acts like a goose.

THE censure of those that are opposite to us is the nicest commendation that can be given to us.

MANY a young man who works hard during the day allows his hands to go to waist during the evening.

THE man who thinks a big necktie will hide a dirty collar must think that people are collar-blind.—*Exchange.*

"HE who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy shall meet him everywhere."

"I WILL stake my opinions against any man's," said Mr. Littlewait, proudly. "I got 'em from my lawyer and they cost me $250."

TO BE happy, the passion must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

A TENDER conscience is an inestimable blessing; that is, a conscience not only quick to discern what is evil, but instantly to shun it, as the eyelid closes itself against a mote.

AS THEY who, for every slight infirmity, take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it; so they, who for every trifle, are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.

AN old soldier in Milwaukee has been asleep nearly a month, all efforts to rouse him proving futile. He must have served on the police force after leaving the army.

LOVELADY is the name of a Texas town where two roughs cut Mr. Mountzinger to pieces while his wife and child stood by pleading for his life. A name doesn't mean much, in Texas.

"IS you gwine to get an overcoat this winter?" asked a Bowery boy of a companion. "Well, I dunno how dat's gwine to be," he replied. "It's done got my eye on a coat, but de fellah dat owns it keeps his eye on it, too."

QUITE a number of cases where girls have been deceived by mock marriages have been reported of late, which impels *The Hotel Mail* to remark that no girl has any business marrying a man that she hasn't known at least ten minutes.

A HEN farm, stocked with over 1,000 fowls, is to be started in Thomasville, Ga. People in the vicinity who own gardens will be kept in a sweat, won't they? Think of what a flock of six hens can do in a garden, and then imagine the deeds of 1,000.

THE Toronto *Globe* finds in a list of the millionaires of New York the name of one who used to be a printer in the office of that paper at $1.25 a week. This must be the "intelligent compositer" whom we have all heard of but have never seen.

IT IS currently reported that a rich young lady of Erie, Pa., is going to marry Hamilton McCormick, of Chicago. We deem it our solemn duty to inform the bride that her prospective husband is the inventor of a threshing machine.

A BOSTON paper relates that an old gentleman from the country who visited that city the other day and had never been in a large town before, remarked after making a tour of the business section: "I don't like this Boston. There isn't enough out-of-doors to it."

"A PHILADELPHIA scientist can tell, on examining a hair pin, the color of the owner's hair." And a Philadelphia woman, on examining a hair found on the shoulder of her husband's coat, can tell whether he has lied or not—and she is not a scientist, either.—*Norristown Herald.*

A RICH miser has a niece whom he proclaims to be his unique heiress, but who has never seen any of his money. "Your niece is twenty years old," says a friend, "you ought to do something toward getting her settled." "Well," replied the miser, after reflection, "I will pretend to be ill."

"How much do you think you can get along on, my son? I want to allow you enough to make a decent appearance in society, but yet I will not countenance extravagance." "Just my idea, dad; I think, say, about $10,000 a year—and—er—expenses, you know, would be about the thing."

ONCE more the buckwheat batter is battered,
battered, battered,
And maidens' fair complexions are shattered,
shattered, shattered,
As they eat the pancake luscious bro't from
kitchen, kitchen, kitchen,
And their tender epidermis 'gins to itchen,
itchen, itchen.

"I BELIEVE I'll have to reduce your wages, John," said a miserly employer to one of his help the other day. "What for?" was the query. "Because things are coming down. The necessaries of life are cheaper, and you can afford to get along on smaller pay." "I should like to know what necessaries of life are cheaper," said John; "beef is as high as ever, flour hasn't dropped a cent, and coal is as dear as ever." "Well," said the employer, as he turned away, "at any rate, the price of postage stamps has been reduced one-third."

MUTES.—The Philadelphia *Press* says the theory that the intermarriage of deaf mutes will produce a race of deaf mutes doesn't rest on a substantial basis. They are mutes because they are deaf. The organs of speech and hearing exist as in other persons. The mute husband is deaf from one cause; the chances are that the wife is deaf from another cause. The children of such a pair, owing to the rule of reversion and the tendency of nature to repair where there is the material to work a cure, are likely to hear as well as anybody, and, hearing, they will not be mutes.

FOR SALE.

Good Stock and Grass Farm in Hanover, N. H., 140 acres. Will be sold cheap if disposed of before the 1st of Jan. For further particulars inquire of Mason Fay on the premises or address the subscriber. GEORGE M. FAY.
Brattleboro, Vt., Nov. 15th, 1883. jan1mnov15 †

RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL

Cures Headache, Burns, Sprains, Cuts Wounds, Rheumatism, Toothache, Earache Blisters, etc. Unequalled in quality, at half the price. 6 oz 25 cts. Pints, 50 cts. Quarts, $1.00.

THE GREAT SUMMER APPETIZER, $1.00.

Have your druggist order, if he has not in stock, of

CHARLES F. RISLEY, New York.
eaujune25

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and do your part. Be up and doing mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time." $66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. lmnly dec1

$72 a week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in the spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay nearly so well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. lmnly dec1

LOOKOUT FOR YOUR KIDNEYS.

PORCUSKED **M. P.** PLASTER.

THE SUREST. THE SAFEST. THE QUICKEST. THE BEST.

The most efficacious curative agent of modern times. Combining the powerful remedial ingredients, which are essentially different and greatly superior to those of any other porous plaster. Quick, Prompt, Powerful, for the relief and CURE of Kidney Affection, Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Backache, Weak and Lame Back, Lung Troubles, &c. It has no equal. Beware of imitations.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

☞For sale by H. F. WYATT, Town Hall Drug store, Plymouth, N. H.
jan1m nov15

"HISTORY IS THE BETTER HALF OF KNOWLEDGE."
National Director Philosophical Work

NAVAL BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

History of Ancient Sea Fights.
History of Modern World Battles.
Pictorial History of Naval Architecture.
Graphic Descriptions of Sanguis, Actium, Lepanto, Salamis, Syracuse, Trafalgar, Quiberon Bay, Lake Erie, Navarino, Hampton Roads, New Orleans, Port Hudson, Mobile Bay, Yorktown, Manila, Alexandria, Valparaiso, Callao, Iquique, Tripoli, Algiers, Tunis, Barcelona, Genoa, Venice, Lissa, Ancona, Gibraltar, Toulon, Navarino, Lepanto, Corinth, Athens, Rhodes, Constantinople, Sebastopol, Kinburn, Odessa, Petropaulski, Yokohama, Shimonoseki, Port Arthur, Pekin, Tientsin, Foochow, Nankin, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore, Penang, Calcutta, Bombay, Aden, Suez, Alexandria, Port Said, Malta, Gibraltar, Cadiz, Trafalgar, Lisbon, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Cherbourg, Brest, Toulon, Marseilles, Genoa, Naples, Messina, Palermo, Trieste, Venice, Ancona, Lissa, Constantinople, Sebastopol, Odessa, Kinburn

WARD'S HILL.

Hezekiah Bassett and son, Geo. Barnett have supplied their neighbors with good meat this season, they have killed and sold 63 cattle, 100 lambs and 75 calves

The district school on Wards Hill has a vacation after a very successful term of twelve weeks. Miss Whitehead has returned to Dover, to spend Thanksgiving with her friends; will return Dec. 3, to commence a four weeks' more of school, making a long school of 16 weeks, the school comprises over 45 scholars, and it is a model school.

Rev. Q. H. Shinn writes, he will return Dec. 8; he is traveling over the mountains in West Virginia enjoying his trip; he writes in the Banner weekly his travels, Mrs. Shinn writes, it is cold and snowy there; perhaps a little homesick.

Auctions seem to be the order of the day; one at Mrs. McQuesten, and C. Merrill's last Saturday; at Rollins, Tuesday.

Geo. Derby left his home last Saturday taking his oldest boy with him; says he will not come back; his wife remains with her two younger children at home, living in J. A. Smith's house. A.

A fickle was 7 plats

Sir John Franklin was last seen in 1845.

Dropsy Treated Free. A new discovery entirely harmless. I can cure 8 cases out of every 10 that I get after they are considered beyond help by the best physicians. I am receiving certificates every few days from patients that have been cured with this New Discovery, and I will be glad to send their names and P. O. address with 10 days Treatment and full directions how to use it to any dropsy patient. Remember it is harmless. For circulars, &c., address, Box 555, Plymouth, N. H. jeoalf

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A fine lithograph has been received at this office from the Congregationalist, Boston, of the leading religious journals and journalists of America. They comprise Henry M. Dexter, Congregationalist; I. G. Monfort, Herald & Presbyter; George S. Mallory, Churchman; S. Irenæus Prime, New York Observer; H. Clay Trumbull, Sunday School Times; Henry M. Fields, Evangelist; Wm. C. Gray, The Mirror; S. J. Barrows, Christian Register; Isaac Everett, Christian Advocate; J. M. Buckley, Christian Advocate, Edward Bright, Examiner. These grouped together make a fine large engraving worthy of more than a passing notice.

The November number of THE PANSY proves afresh that a periodical in which so much space is devoted to Sunday reading, may be edited and filled with as much brightness and talent as the secular magazines. Its religious stories are as entertaining and strong as the matter in WIDE AWAKE and ST. NICHOLAS. Like them, it has its serials, its short stories, its poems. Its articles, its profusion of illustrations, its regular prospectus for the coming year—in short, it makes Sunday reading for the young as attractive as the popular magazines of the day. In the current number, "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden the editor, begins a new serial,) "Christie at Home;" Margaret Sidney continues her delightful articles, "How They went to Europe;" Fay Huntington has a bright short story, "Gracie's Mission;" "Pansy" another—a very sweet one—"With All Your Heart," and Margaret Sidney tells the story of "How the Geese Saved Rome;" and there are a dozen interesting articles besides. THE PANSY is only 75 cents a year. The volume begins with the November number. 75 cents for a yearly subscription will bestow greater happiness on a young friend than the same sum spent in any other way. D. Lothrop & C., Publishers, Boston, Mass. THE PANSY is only one of four periodicals issued by this house. BABYLAND, 50 cents a year, OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN, $1.00 a year, and WIDE AWAKE, $2.50 a year. jesalt

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S. B. Pratt, publisher of Law Books, Marlboro, Mass. To the legal fraternity: Gentlemen—We take pleasure in calling your attention to the following prospectus of Judge Bennett's "Farm Law." The call for this work has been unprecedented We shall soon publish companion pamphlets in the various special lines of legal research. "Shop Law," and "Probate Law," will be ready for delivery next month. Our aim is to give the best condensed legal presentation of these specialties, printed on heavy paper, and carefully and fully indexed, and selling each work for 50 cents. This is decidedly a new departure in the legal publication line, no other dealers having met the modest call for low priced books in this particular line. Please give us a trial order for "Farm Law." Farm Law and Personal Property Rights, of great value to every lawyer, justice of the peace and farmer. One level-headed attorney writes that the full index alone is worth the price of the book. A lecture on some of the Legal Rights and Liabilities of farmers, delivered before the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, by Judge Edmund H. Bennett of Taunton. This is the most valuable condensed compendium of the law as it affects nearly all the rights and privileges of farmers and real estate owners, that has ever been published in popular shape. This pamphlet of 50 pages is packed as as full of practical information as an egg with meat. It is written so plainly that the common minds can grasp it, and hundreds of authorities are quoted from the decisions of the courts all over the United States. If you have had trouble of any kind in your dealings with your neighbors, you will be pretty sure to get some valuable hints from this book, that may save you money and peace of mind. Look over the table of Contents, and see for yourself how much information this work contains from the pen of one of the safest and wisest of living jurists. Copies of this phamphlet sent to any address post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents. The most value for the money. Over 350 subjects briefly discussed in their legal bearings. Please don't send 3 cent stamps but 1 or 2 cent stamps, or better still new postal notes.

BORN.

In Rumney, Nov. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hutchings, a son.

MARRIED.

In Plymouth, Nov. 18, by Rev. J. G. Smith, Smith G. Fletcher of Plymouth and Miss Sally Prime of Manchester.

DIED.

In Thornton, Nov. 16, Mary Ann Wallace, wife of Orrin Avery, aged about 32 years.

Mrs. N. E. K. ROWE,

FASHIONABLE

DRESS MAKER,

Woodman's Block, Main St.,

ASHLAND, - *N. H.*

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DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Ha dware, Flour, Meal, Hair, Lime, Cement, Paints, Oils, Agricultural Implements, etc. Also, dealers in Bowker's Stockbridge Standard, and Coe's Phosphates.

Ashland, N. H. ma26a

TERRIBLE DEED IN LACONIA.

THREE PERSONS MURDERED.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A FOURTH.

Unsuccessful Attempt to Destroy All Traces by Fire.

Our community was horrified Sunday forenoon by learning that three persons had been most foully murdered and another nearly so, in Laconia, about dawn that day. The news came by wire and preparations were made to secure Thomas Salmon, the one charged as the author by the sole survivor of the slaughter, as from his long stay in this place and for other reasons, it was thought he might have fled in this direction. These suspicions were well founded, as he was arrested without resistance by Ranson S. Brown, between the residences of Thomas and David Glynn, by their ice-house, over a mile south of the village, at two o'clock. Mr. Brown had just reloaded ice and was harnessing, etc., as rapidly as possible, when word was brought to him that Salmon had just passed along towards Plymouth. On being invited to ride by Mr. Brown, after being overtaken, he made no objection and was soon securely ironed, Daniel H. Currier, who was just returning to the church at the village, holding the high spirited horse, while it was accomplished.

Salmon was kept in Belle B Leighton's store till about three o'clock, with his captor, officer Timothy E. Bayley, County Solicitor C. A. Jewell, Van N. Baas and two newspaper correspondents. He was questioned by Mr. Jewell and others, but professed ignorance of the whole terrible affair, telling a very plausible story of all his movements. The doors were locked and the windows darkened on account of the large crowd outside. At three o'clock he was removed to Little's hotel and placed in room No. 7, north-east corner, third floor, being still in charge of Messrs. Brown and Bayley. The crowd lingered in and about the hotel till very late and considerable excitement was manifested, although no attempt at violence occurred, as many did not believe him guilty, the news from Laconia being rather contradictory at that time. Salmon's wife was soon admitted, as well as others to whom he talked quite freely, but apparently did not tell anything against himself. All these visitors departed at length and he ate both a good supper and breakfast, and also slept well, being in charge of Messrs. Brown, Bayley and Warren Pressey, one of whom took turns sitting up, while the other two slept, in the adjoining room.

He was taken to Laconia on the train leaving here at eight o'clock Monday morning, and arrived there a little over an hour later. A large crowd was present here to see his departure and some went down with him out of curiosity. He was in charge of Messrs. Brown and Bayley.

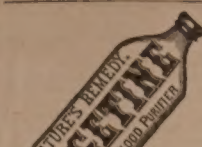
The murderer is said to be about 45 years old and a native of Ireland or England. He has been employed at the Pemigewasset House a good portion of the time for the past 16 years, previous to which he was a cook in a Boston restaurant. He worked here as a cook, gardener and in many other positions, as he was very faithful and capable. He was familiar to many of our citizens and others by reason of his out door labors. At long intervals he would have a terrible and protracted spell of intoxication, when he would sometimes be very violent. He would disappear and not be seen again for a long time, when he would either walk back from Boston and other places or send for money. At other times he would lie in the woods for a long time. Once he was struck by a locomotive above here on such an occasion, but not badly hurt. Another time he had saved up about $500, but soon spent it all, squandering $200 here in one day, giving his purchases away to everybody. About two years ago, he married Joanna Welch, of Lowell, a laundress, and they worked at the Flume House until recently, for about a year past. She is now at work at the Pemigewasset House, but he has not been employed there for about two years. A portion of this time he has worked some about Lower Village and Village. He has hired a tenement near Ward's Hill and would soon have moved here. He has just recovered from an almost fatal attack of pneumonia at the Pemigewasset House. In person, Salmon was of ordinary height, rather slender, stooping and round shouldered. He is pale, has a hair lip, wart on the under side of his nose, a bad impediment in his speech, guttural voice and sharp feature. He was dressed in ordinary working clothes, partly black, partly gray. He was generally considered as inoffensive and not knowing any too much.

The crime for which Salmon is under arrest is that of killing Mrs. John C. Ford, James Ruddy and young child, less than two years old, and nearly adding a fourth to the list in the person of Mrs. Ruddy. The former lived in Laconia, near Lake Village, and was murdered about a day before being found Sunday morning. She was partly cut up to get the body into Salmon's trunk and tied together with her clothes line, and then wheeled by him nearly a mile to Mr. Ruddy's house, in another part of Laconia, about the middle of Saturday afternoon. He remained there over night according to Mrs. Ruddy. He was very nervous and frequently got up. About five o'clock he killed her husband and child, and she only escaped by feigning death. Beds were opened, scattered over the three in one room and set on fire. The body of Mrs. Ford in the trunk, in an adjoining room was covered with clothes saturated with kerosene and also set on fire. The attack on the Ruddy family was with a hatchet. Mrs. Ruddy jumped through a window, after he left and her cries secured assistance from neighbors. An alarm of fire was given, but the flames were put out before the engines arrived, the three bodies being considerably burned.

Directly after committing his terrible crime, Salmon walked to Plymouth, much of the way on the railroad track, being given a ride a short distance by a man, who he says told him of the tragedy. Salmon claims that he packed the trunk Tuesday and had not opened it since, that he was moving over to Ruddy's, where he was to board a few days before coming up here, he having roomed in the house partly occupied by the Fords for some time when in Laconia, and boarded him elf. He said he slept at Ford's and knew nothing of the affair at the time and that he walked up here to see his wife because she did not come down the night before.

Ford and his wife both drink and have rather a hard reputation. Mrs. Ford was an English woman, has been married several times and had a checkered career in various parts of the world. Salmon is said to have been criminally intimate with her and this probably led to the killing from some cause. Desiring to dispose of the body, he took it to Ruddy's house and being discovered by them, or fearing it, he sought to dispose of all witnesses to the crime, in which he nearly succeeded. The Ruddys have quite a good reputation, the husband having been employed in the car works. Ford is a carpenter and Mrs. Ford, a tailoress. All parties concerned were of middle age. Ford was arrested, but has been discharged. Salmon was seen wheeling the trunk, followed by dogs, which he drove off with difficulty, and many of his other actions were suspicious.

The train containing Salmon was stopped between Laconia and Lake Village and a carriage conveyed him quietly to jail, which disappointed the furious crowd about the Laconia station. Mrs. Ford's heart was ruptured and her ribs, broken probably by a heavy blow. The other victims were all principally cut in the neck. The traces of crime at Ford's house are very few, but numerous enough at the other to compensate. The murderer would have been killed, if caught. Intense excitement still exists, and the locality of the murder has been thronged at times. Mrs. Ruddy had over a dozen wounds and it is a wonder that she lived and is likely to recover. A reward of $300 was offered for the murderer.



Remarkable Cure of Scrofulous Face.

WESTMINSTER, CONN., June 19, 1879.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—DEAR SIR: I can testify to the good effect of your MEDICINE. My little boy had a SCROFULA sore break out on his head as large as a quarter of a dollar, and it went down his face from one ear to the other, under his neck, and was one solid mass of sores. Two bottles of your valuable VEGETINE completely cured him. Very respectfully,

MRS. C. R. THATCHER.

Druggists take Vegetine and Recommend It.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston: I have been selling Vegetine ever since it came into existence, and have recommended it to my customers. I have tried it myself, and find it a good blood purifier and renovator of the system. M. M. SALMON, Druggist,

Burlington, Ia.

I Regard it as a Valuable FAMILY MEDICINE.

JAN. 1, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: I take pleasure in saying that I have used the Vegetine in my family with good results, and I have known of several cases of remarkable cure effected by it. I regard it as a valuable family medicine.

Truly yours,

REV. WM. McDONALD.

REV. WM. McDONALD is well known through the United States as a minister in the M. E. Church.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

Salmon was better known here as Simons or Simmons. Mrs. Ford was a sister of Mrs. Maurice Condon, of this place. Mr. Condon has charge of the railroad section from here to Bridgewater.

An inquest was held the first of the week and adjourned until to day. The funeral of the Ruddys occurred in the Catholic church Tuesday morning, both father and child being buried in one casket. That of Mrs. Ford took place in the Court House that afternoon. There was a large attendance at both. The remains of Mrs. Ford were in a horrible condition. Although not under arrest Ford is closely watched at his home. Salmon is ignorant out that all four are dead and the house destroyed, so he rests in fancied security, while a vast net of overwhelming evidence is being woven about him. Mrs. Salmon is in Laconia, and evidently believes her husband guilty. Salmon's trial will occur next week. It is thought insanity will be plead. The two houses have been closely guarded by police. They had a story in Laconia, that three persons were missing in Plymouth, and Salmon was said to have Pemigewasset House a good portion of the time for the past 16 years, previous to which he was a cook in a Boston restaurant. He worked here as a cook, gardener and in many other positions, as he was very faithful and capable. He was familiar to many of our citizens and others by reason of his out door labors. At long intervals he would have a terrible and protracted spell of intoxication, when he would sometimes be very violent. He would disappear and not be seen again for a long time, when he would either walk back from Boston and other places or send for money. At other times he would lie in the woods for a long time. Once he was struck by a locomotive above here on such an occasion, but not badly hurt. Another time he had saved up about $500, but soon spent it all, squandering $200 here in one day, giving his purchases away to everybody. About two years ago, he married Joanna Welch, of Lowell, a laundress, and they worked at the Flume House until recently, for about a year past. She is now at work at the Pemigewasset House, but he has not been employed there for about two years. A portion of this time he has worked some about Lower Village and Village. He has hired a tenement near Ward's Hill and would soon have moved here. He has just recovered from an almost fatal attack of pneumonia at the Pemigewasset House. In person, Salmon was of ordinary height, rather slender, stooping and round shouldered. He is pale, has a hair lip, wart on the under side of his nose, a bad impediment in his speech, guttural voice and sharp feature. He was dressed in ordinary working clothes, partly black, partly gray. He was generally considered as inoffensive and not knowing any too much.

The crime for which Salmon is under arrest is that of killing Mrs. John C. Ford, James Ruddy and young child, less than two years old, and nearly adding a fourth to the list in the person of Mrs. Ruddy. The former lived in Laconia, near Lake Village, and was murdered about a day before being found Sunday morning. She was partly cut up to get the body into Salmon's trunk and tied together with her clothes line, and then wheeled by him nearly a mile to Mr. Ruddy's house, in another part of Laconia, about the middle of Saturday afternoon. He remained there over night according to Mrs. Ruddy. He was very nervous and frequently got up. About five o'clock he killed her husband and child, and she only escaped by feigning death. Beds were opened, scattered over the three in one room and set on fire. The body of Mrs. Ford in the trunk, in an adjoining room was covered with clothes saturated with kerosene and also set on fire. The attack on the Ruddy family was with a hatchet. Mrs. Ruddy jumped through a window, after he left and her cries secured assistance from neighbors. An alarm of fire was given, but the flames were put out before the engines arrived, the three bodies being considerably burned.

Directly after committing his terrible crime, Salmon walked to Plymouth, much of the way on the railroad track, being given a ride a short distance by a man, who he says told him of the tragedy. Salmon claims that he packed the trunk Tuesday and had not opened it since, that he was moving over to Ruddy's, where he was to board a few days before coming up here, he having roomed in the house partly occupied by the Fords for some time when in Laconia, and boarded him elf. He said he slept at Ford's and knew nothing of the affair at the time and that he walked up here to see his wife because she did not come down the night before.

Ford and his wife both drink and have rather a hard reputation. Mrs. Ford was an English woman, has been married several times and had a checkered career in various parts of the world. Salmon is said to have been criminally intimate with her and this probably led to the killing from some cause. Desiring to dispose of the body, he took it to Ruddy's house and being discovered by them, or fearing it, he sought to dispose of all witnesses to the crime, in which he nearly succeeded. The Ruddys have quite a good reputation, the husband having been employed in the car works. Ford is a carpenter and Mrs. Ford, a tailoress. All parties concerned were of middle age. Ford was arrested, but has been discharged. Salmon was seen wheeling the trunk, followed by dogs, which he drove off with difficulty, and many of his other actions were suspicious.

The train containing Salmon was stopped between Laconia and Lake Village and a carriage conveyed him quietly to jail, which disappointed the furious crowd about the Laconia station. Mrs. Ford's heart was ruptured and her ribs, broken probably by a heavy blow. The other victims were all principally cut in the neck. The traces of crime at Ford's house are very few, but numerous enough at the other to compensate. The murderer would have been killed, if caught. Intense excitement still exists, and the locality of the murder has been thronged at times. Mrs. Ruddy had over a dozen wounds and it is a wonder that she lived and is likely to recover. A reward of $300 was offered for the murderer.

BURGLARS IN A STORE AND SHOP LAST NIGHT.

A window on the north side, through which the telephone enters B. F. St. Clair & Co's. store, under the Town Hall, was pried open last night by burglars who obtained several dollars from the cash drawer and tried to open the safe, breaking off the combination in so doing, but did not succeed. Their tools consisting of a large chisel, machinist's hammer, combination bit, etc., stolen from Batchelder & Tenney's carriage shop near by, were left in front of the safe on an old garment. No clue, but tracks in the snow. Officers are investigating.

BARN AND CONTENTS DESTROYED BY AN INCENDIARY FIRE.

The barn and horse shed connected, of Mrs. Moses Perrier, on Cumming's Hill, in the south part of the town, was burned between 9 and 10 o'clock, Thursday night. There was a party at Joseph Yeaton's that evening and some of the inmates were present there. The noise of a passing wagon, although very slight, aroused Mr. Alonzo W. B. York, who lives there and for the past two years has carried on the place by the halves. Noticing a faint light, that quickly increased, he thought some one must have returned from the party, but considered it rather a powerful lantern that was carried. Looking out of the window the barn was seen to be in flames. Arousing the others, they hurried out, but it was too late to save anything except a horse from the stable and that was done with difficulty, as he had to be driven out. In the barn were 18 tons of hay, one yoke of two year old cattle, four cows, four yearlings, two calves, one cusset sheep, one new and one old sleigh, one wagon, two harnesses and various farming tools. The total loss is over $1,000. Insured for $300. Some stock had been sold a few days before or the loss would have been greater. The house stood some little distance away narrowly escaped. Mr. York lost about $75, as his share, on which there was no insurance. The origin was undoubtedly incendiary, and the wagon heard probably contained the guilty parties who came up from the Lower Interval and returned in a circuit the same way. At various times recently, the woods about there have been fired, with malicious intent. No clue to the perpetrators.

PLYMOUTH PARAGRAPHS.

H. L. Thurston, Campton Village, has for sale a four horse traverse sled in good repair. jesatfnov6

Reports of the sermon, lecture, etc., Thanksgiving day are unavoidably outlined until next week.

J. C. Berry recently advertised a team to let in this paper and had five opportunities last Sunday. This is another illustration of the dangers of advertising.

All freight trains between Concord and Woodsville were cancelled Thanksgiving day, but specials were run from here to the latter place at 7.35 a. m., and 7.00 p. m.

Fred Wells is teaching school at Campton Hollow going up in the morning and back at night on the P. V. R. R. to Blair's, walking each way from there, nearly two miles, necessitating a short morning.

George T. Ordway has purchased of Jason Clark for $1,000, the house in the rear of the Methodist church, between the railroad and the river, next north of the one he has long occupied, which belongs to the B. C. & M. R. R.

A board walk containing doors has been built to the ground from the overhead covered passage between the restaurant and the Pemigewasset kitchen, to prevent snow from accumulating in the inner angles of the two buildings.

The Methodist society is now free from debt, church, parsonage and all belonging thereto. Several times before this it has been attempted but this time through the energy of Rev. D. C. Knowlton, the sum of $1,356.50 has been raised in cash.

The adjourned term of court met Monday afternoon at two o'clock and adjourned before supper. Various cases were continued, among them the divorce case of Benjamin Atkinson, formerly of this place, both he and Mrs Atkinson having filed bills, which have been in progression for a year or more.

C. M. Buchanan, proprietor of the Black Mountain House, Campton Village, has a lease of the splendid new Eagle Hotel, Laconia. He has bought the furniture and all belonging to the hotel of Mr. Browne, the former manager. Buchanan & Willis will still run the Black Mountain House summers.

Mrs. M. B. Avery has moved to West Campton.

Miss Jennie Wilkinson of Laconia has been here.

George Corlis lately cut a hand badly with a saw.

Miss Carrie Mudgett was here a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Chamberlian arrived here yesterday.

Smith Rowe and wife have been visiting friends in Boston.

W. J. Randolph of the Laconia Tocsin was here over Sunday.

John Adams Smith proposes to start for Southern California this week.

Miss Lizzie Bayley has returned home after an extended visit in Lowell.

The steam heating apparatus at the Normal school has been repaired.

Gordon Wells has gone to Texas where his brother Henry has been for some time.

A smart and stylish agent for Worcester's unabridged dictionary was here a few days since.

Hon. Joseph Kidder, of Manchester, will preach at the Court House next Sunday, at 11 o'clock.

Numerous boys recently used the Pemigewasset House clothes frames, north of it, as a gymnasium.

The funeral of Mrs. Timothy Cheney was held on Sunday last, the severe attack of pneumonia proving fatal.

A burning chimney near the corner of Highland and Langdon streets caused some excitement the other evening.

J. N. McClintock, Esq., proprietor and editor of the Granite Monthly, Concord, has been here collecting and canvassing.

A new sidewalk has been built on upper Langdon street by the land of W. F. Langdon, etc., under his personal direction.

A new street lamp has been attached to a tree, corner of Main and Webster streets through the generosity of Mrs. C. M. Morse.

P. H. Crawford's residence, store and shop, rear of his block has been painted the usual fashionable combinations of color.

The large granite monument made by J. C. Berry and recently sold to A. H. Mudgett is in position in Trinity Cemetery and is the tallest there.

Tenement to let in the old Deacon McQuesten place, Ward's Hill. A good team to let occasionally at reasonable prices to the right parties. Inquire of J. C. Berry, Plymouth, N. H. jesatfnov15

For the benefit of those in business and others, the names of numerous persons in Grafton and Belknap counties who can not and will not pay what they honestly owe, will soon be published in this paper. jesatfnov19

The value of the Pemigewasset stable manure per year is about $600, the entire quantity being sent to Concord for $5 per cord, net. It would be much better if the same could be sold to farmers nearer home.

George H. Colby, for some time past connected with the freight office here has been appointed station agent to succeed the late John C. Chase, while W. R. Davis has been made yard master. A position he has filled for quite a period of time. Both date from Nov. 24.

"TWENTY YEARS OF CONGRESS."—We have the pleasure of announcing the approaching issue of one of the greatest historical works of the times, "Twenty Years of Congress," by James G. Blaine. The agent for Plymouth, Mr. Hobbs, is stopping with us for a few days for the purpose of procuring others, &c. See ad.

C. M. Boynton, Dry Goods, Concord N. H., invites every lady to visit or send to him for Dress Goods from 5c. per yard to $1.00. The present attractions at the present time at his store are his Black Dress Goods, price from 25, 37, 50, 62 cents up to $1.00 per yard. Special and important prices on Comforters, Blankets, Housekeeping Goods, also Towels for Christmas trade; out of town orders solicited.

A new and very useful arithmetic has just been published by Thomas Tuttle of Milton, N. H., containing rules and explanations for the solution of all practical questions required by the mechanic, farmer or business man; the book is well bound, has 144 pages, and demonstrates a scientific method of ascertaining the dominical letter for any year, the day of the week, for any date, from the christian era to the end of 10,000 years. It gives a practical application of the slide rule which is not found in any other mathematical work. It also contains much valuable historical data etc. Price is only $1.00 and all orders should be sent to the author.

Dr. C. P. French's improved Electro-Magnetic appliances, have been tried in this vicinity very successfully in treating and curing diseases of the kidneys, lame back, impure blood, lung and bronchial troubles and female weakness by a continuous current of electricity passing through the system. The proprietor, Mr. I. Baker, 333 Washington Street, Boston, offers to refund the money to any one not benefited by these appliances, this proves his confidence in the remedy after many years experience; in curing rheumatism the Electro-Magnetic appliances are a never-failing panacea. We make this announcement from the personal experience of ourselves and friends.

According to various daily papers, a wealthy young lady, of New York city, who has just become of legal age and acquired possession of her estate, has signified her intention to build a pretty gothic brick Episcopal church just south of the Holderness School for Boys for their use. It will be erected in the spring and the generous donner will furnish everything complete from organ to the hymnals, be sides paying the sexton for taking care of it; this very welcome gift will be a great advantage in many ways, as the location will be much nearer to the fifty and more who attend from the school as well as those from the village, besides being more commodious than the one in the church yard, which is often uncomfortably crowded.

WANTED—LADIES TO TAKE OUR NEW Fancy Work at their homes, to fill our country, and earn $6 to $12 per week, making goods for our Fall and Winter trade. Send 15c. for sample and particulars. HUDSON MFG. Co., 267 Sixth Ave., New York. ma5novl

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Good Livery connected with the House. Free Carriages to and from every train.

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FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS in the Manchester Business College for sale cheap; a little office. jesacel

FOR SALE.—Type Writer, Oil Stove, Pedometer and Sewing Machine, all new at THIS OFFICE. (24)oct

HOP PLASTER

This porous plaster is absolutely the best ever made, combining the virtues of hops with gums, balsams and extracts. Its power is wonderful in curing diseases where other plasters simply relieve. Ortick in the Back and Neck, Pain in the Side or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Chest, Affections of the Heart and Liver, and all pains or aches in any part cured instantly by the *Hop Plaster.* Try it. Price 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. Sold by all druggists and country stores.

LAME BACK

Hop Plaster Company,

— Proprietors, Boston, Mass. —

For constipation, loss of appetite and diseases of the bowels take Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25 cents.

A PORTRAIT OF PANSY.

We have received a copy of the beautiful lithographic portrait of Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden,) and it seems only proper in this connection to give a few interesting points of the history of this widely-known author, whose books have a larger sale than those of any other living American writer.

Personal information respectingp popular authors has a peculiar interest for readers of all classes. How they look; what they say; the circumstances under which their books are written; and the history of their various literary experiences, all are topics of lively and never-ending interest. An editor, spending an evening in the society of Mrs. Alden, thus pleasantly describes it:

"Not long since we spent a very pleasant evening with Mrs. G. R. Alden, who is better known by her nom de plume of "Pansy." A little gathering was held in her honor at the house of Dr. Gray of the Interior. A basket of beautiful pansies was sent, and adorned the centre-table, and nearly every invited guest brought in as a tribute a small bouquet of the same modest flowers.

"Mrs. Alden's pseudonym, with its suggestion of unobtrusive beauty, is very appropriate both as to her writings and to herself. She is self-possessed, charming in conversation, but quiet and unassuming. Her adoption of the title by which she is known, is an interesting bit of history. In her young girl days, the old clock in her father's house stopped—a thing so unusual that it made an impression on the whole household, and especially on her. She wrote an 'essay' in regard to that faithful household monitor, which pleased her father very much. He said it must be published in the paper conducted by her brother. 'But,' said he, 'we don't wish any one to know that you wrote it, and so we will sign it "Pansy," for pansy means tender and pleasant thoughts, and you have given me some thoughts that are tender and pleasant.'

"It is no wonder when she came to write for the public, that she should adopt for a nom de plume the name which hadfor her such a tender association. Her father died during the writing of the closing chapters of 'Ester Ried'—a book in which he took the greatest interest, and in regard to which he prayed that it might be a blessing to some young life. That prayer has been answered over and over again! Mrs. Alden writes us: 'It was while the tears were gathering thick in my eyes as I looked out upon his grave, that I wrote the last chapter of the book, feeling that my closest, strongest friend and critic, and wisest helper had gone from me.' And now that these facts are made known, we feel sure that her pseudonym will be to many, more fragrant and beautiful than ever.

"Pansy" possesses a magnetic force that touches all hearts, and a keen pencil to strike into life those salient points in human nature that make us all akin. It is impossible to describe the effect of her books. They particularly impress themselves on young girls and those leaving early womanhood, giving a stimulus toward mental and moral development, not easily forgotten.

Pansy's first book, "Bernie's White Chickens," was written when she was sixteen years old, and won the prize offered to competing authors. "Ester Ried" and "Four Girls at Chautauqua" have made her name known and loved in every town and hamlet of our land. A new book, "Ester Ried yet Speaking," is in press for early publication.

Her books for older readers number thirty-six volumes; while the little folks have about as many from her pen.

Mrs. Alden finds time in her busy life to fill the editorial chair of THE PANSY, the popular pictorial magazine (weekly) for young people which is published at 75 cents a year, by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

We learn that any one desiring this beautiful portrait can obtain it free by sending $1.50 for two new subscriptions to THE PANSY, to D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

We would to call the attention to the hundreds of Delightful New Books Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., are issuing for the Holidays. The oldest as well as the youngest folks will find rich treats in them. At present we can only advise purchasers to ask these booksellers for these publications and to send to D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, for a full catalogue of their books and magazines. They will send any book or magazine postage-paid, on receipt of price. jesalt

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Carpeting and Oil Cloth.

20 pieces best all-wool Lowell Extra Super Ingrain Carpeting, selling everywhere at 87c, we now offer at - - - - - - 75c.

10 pieces Tapestry, worth 75c. per yard, we now mark down to - - - - - - 60c.

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A lot of handsome, bright, yard wide, Ingrain Carpeting, marked down to - - - - - - 25c.

Fifty pieces Oil Cloth, down to the low-Water-mark price of - - 25c.

A large lot of elegant Rugs, Tapestries, Velvets, Moquettes and Smyrnas, 75 cents to $5.00.

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BLACK WALNUT CASES.

No. 1, 4¼ x 3 x 1¼, 3 currents, $ 8 00
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Furnished with handles complete. 15 different special electrodes, each extra.

The Battery being charged with granulated blue vitriol and water is self-acting, and the current is regulated at pleasure.

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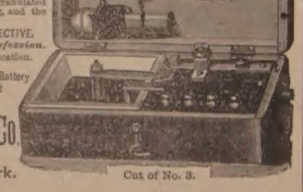

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ASHLAND ALLEGATIONS.

Francis M. Hughes will attend to filling vouchers for pensioners at his house, Tuesday, December 4.

George F. Dow and wife are both on the sick list this week.

Annual election of officers O. W. Keyes Post, No. 35, G. A. R., Saturday eve, December 1st. Come out comrades.

A fair is talked of by the Ladie's Relief Corps here. Hope they will go ahead.

Quite a number from this place have visited Laconia since the murder there.

The fire at the Pervier place was seen here.

The Advance office is now in D. C. Merrill's building, where special rates for job printing can be obtained; also subscriptions for the Ashland Advance, etc., at club rates.

L. B. Hull was in town over Sunday.

Mrs. Allie Willoughby has been very sick with diptheria this week.

W. G. Brown, agent for the Bible Society has canvassed the town this week.

A very good time at the ball, Sons of Veterans. Some 50 or more couples; music by Dustin's orchestra.

Frank Peaslee has moved into one of Abel Mitchell's tenements in the Thompson house.

D. C. Merrill has made an addition to his circulating library, of some 50 volumes.

The woolen mill of Bretherick & Firth shut down Wednesday for the week, also Carter & Roger's new mill.

The Odd Fellow's have leased the new hall in Merrill's block, commencing the first of January, '84.

Draper's glove shop and tannery are now shut down for a few days.

One of Levi Clough's oxen died recently.

Rodney Cheney is keeping books for the Abel Machine Co.

Mrs. Obadiah Smith recently arrived at Mrs. Hoyt's.

The outside of Abel Mitchell's new house is completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Smith and wife have lately returned from their visit in Maine.

William B. Smith has recently bought a farm in Centre Harbor and has moved there with his family.

Patrick O'Neil of Laconia, recently spent a day in town.

The Free Baptist Harvest Festival cleared about $54 for the society.

Walter Brown and Willie Prescott of Laconia recently visited their cousin, Jamie E. Smith, of this place.

P. P. Brown and wife, who have been spending some time in Maine, were in town recently.

L. P. Clough is expected to soon open a jewelry shop here, as his health is very much improved.

Mrs. S. C. Baker recently returned from a visit to friends in Boston and vicinity.

Harrison Carr has won in his suit against the town, for damages sustained by reason of bad roads. He recovered $75.

Postmaster Clapp's son, Philip, was wounded by a stone thrown by a playmate which struck within half an inch of his eye.

Mrs. G. C. Rowe was the recipient of the beautiful rug at the Harvest festival.

A party of twelve from the Ladies' Relief Corps of this place recently went to Laconia to visit the John Perley L. R. C. A very pleasant time was enjoyed.

G. F. Rogers with his daughter and youngest son, walked six miles to Mr. Shepard Worthen's to make a short visit, recently.

John H. Berry's brother, N. B. Berry, of New York, has been visiting here.

George F. Benton's pig when killed and dressed, weighed 275 pounds and Paul Perkins' pig, seven months old, weighed 298 pounds.

Postmaster Clapp, C. F. Bracy, D. P. Calley, E. P. Warner, F. E. Flanders, A. B. Cummings and others, recently went to Long Island in Asquam Lake on a hunting expedition. They went supplied with sufficient furniture, etc., to be absent two nights.

At the annual meeting of the Earnest Workers, recently held the following officers and committees were elected: 1st Directress, Mrs. William Bretherick; 2d

NEWS OF THE DAY

GENERAL ITEMS.

—The constructor and architects of the Michigan capitol, which fell recently, have been severely censured by the coroner's jury.

—William McWilliams, a Waterford (Pa.) octogenarian, awoke Wednesday night and found the cold arms of his dead wife clasped around his neck.

—A storm in Fort Smith, Ark., caused some damage to property and the death of one man.

—The cashier of the Rushford (Ind.) National Bank was shot at his residence by a burglar.

—James Davis, secretary of the London and San Francisco Bank, has absconded. He has embezzled £50,000, including 108 Oregon and California Railroad gold bonds of the value of £30,000. A warrant has been issued and £200 reward offered for his arrest.

—In New York city Patrick Brady, a well known thief who twice escaped from Policeman Charles Ryan, was pursued by the policeman and shot dead in a hand-to-hand fight.

—A special dispatch from Ontonagon, announces the loss of the lake steamer Manistee with all on board. The Manistee had a crew of twenty-five men and twenty-five passengers. She was a regular boat between Chicago and the upper lake ports. The fifty lives lost on the Manistee, and the ninety-five lost during the six days' storm on the great lakes recently, make a total of over 150 lives lost on the lakes in ten days.

—The New York State Convention of the Irish National League met at Syracuse on Wednesday. Dr. Wallace was elected chairman. The principal business of the meeting was the Parnell testimonial fund, which it was resolved to keep open for further subscriptions until next St. Patrick's Day.

—W. P. Snyder, Assistant Attorney General, has resigned because he was not supported in his duties by the government.

—A quantity of counterfeit Erie bonds have been presented for redemption.

—The civil suits against Star route contractors in Philadelphia have been discontinued.

—Canada proposes to send her pauper immigrants back where they came from, and at the expense of the Imperial government.

—The Mississippi Valley Bank, at Vicksburg, Miss., has closed in consequence of losses by a cashier who dealt in grain futures.

—The new standard of time has caused trouble in the mails and discord in a Boston court.

—A majority of the stockholders of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company voted in favor of the proposed $20,000,000 second mortgage bonds. A protest from three stockholders is now filed.

—The Supreme Court of Wisconsin sustains the Washburn will. This action cuts off the widow, except that the executors are authorized to set aside a sum for her support.

—Pensions will be presented to Congress asking that provision be made for the retirement of enlisted men after twenty-five and thirty years' service.

—At the meeting of the New York Presbytery the Church Extension Committee was empowered to set independently of the Presbytery, reporting to that body every three months. The support of the Church of the Sea and Land was left unsettled.

—The prisoners in the jail at Marshall, Mo., by setting fire to the building effected their escape.

—The Irish giant and German giantess are husband and wife, and Pittsburgh enjoyed the sight of the tallest bridal party on record.

—Porter was acquitted of the charge of killing burglar Walsh. He says he will lead a good life and open a liquor store in Boston.

—It is rumored that the journalistic expedition for the exploration of the Everglades has been lost by an extensive fire in the saw grass, but hopes are felt that this is not the case.

—Correspondents at St. Johns, N. F., and Halifax, N. S., send distressing accounts of shipwreck and loss of life during the recent Southeastern gales. A Norwegian bark was stranded on Green Island. Out of a crew of twelve only two escaped.

—Steps have been taken in Canada to prevent the further immigration of destitute people.

—The paying teller of the Wall Street Bank was held in $1,000 to plead to an indictment for violating the Bank law, forbidding the overcertification of checks. This is the first attempt to practically enforce the Bank law, and as such excites great interest.

—One man was killed and five men injured by an explosion of fire damp in the coal mines at Streator, Ill.

—The schooner James Wade is reported to have been lost on Lake Erie, with seven lives, during the late gales. Several lives were also lost on the River St. Lawrence during the same storm.

—Mrs. and Miss Maybee were horribly murdered in a barn at Brooksville, L. I. Robbery was the motive of the crime. A tramp is under suspicion of having committed the terrible crime.

—The steamer S. H. Pelbert was burned on the Mississippi River with her cargo near Natchez. The loss is $250,000. One of the crew was drowned, and it is feared that some of the passengers perished.

—Miss Anna Dickinson will make speeches in behalf of the Knights of Labor from now until the next Presidential election.

—A supply of food has been sent the starving inhabitants of Swan Island from Key West, Fla.

—In a Petersburg, Va., church a man fell dead as he was about to engage in prayer.

—The San Fernando Cotton Factory in Taipan, near the City of Mexico, was destroyed by fire. Five operatives were burned to death. The loss is $600,000.

—Two trains met in a sharp curve of the Illinois Central railroad between Greenfield and Bradford. Both were wrecked and two men were killed.

—Scarlet fever has broken out in the male boarding halls of the State Normal School in Trenton, N. J. Precautions have been taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

—Reports from Ottawa, Ontario, show an enormous lumber cut. The felling of in the grain crop has been large.

—A fire in the freight yard of the New Jersey Central road destroyed twenty cars and caused a damage of $100,000.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

—A conflict is expected between M. de Brazza and King Makoko on the Congo.

—The French brig Boenberg was sunk by a collision on the 30th ult., and eighty-eight passengers perished.

—China has made fresh proposals relative to Tonquin, which are unacceptable to France.

—Recruiting is going on in China to raise soldiers for the expected war.

—Spanish republicans threaten revolt if universal suffrage is not granted.

—Banditti are giving much trouble to the government of Cuba, while the slave question also causes much agitation.

—The fighting in Egypt has resulted in a loss of 11 officers and 142 men, 1 gun and 700 rifles to the Egyptians.

—Joseph Poole was convicted of the murder of Kenny and sentenced to death.

—The British steamer Condor, from Liverpool, sank off Minden, Holland, during a violent storm. Eighteen of the persons on board were lost, including the engineers, who were killed by the bursting of the boiler. Eight were saved. The British steamer Hymettus was also wrecked in the same storm on the Dutch coast. Few of the crew were rescued.

—The military situation in Tonquin is said to be unchanged. The activity of secret societies in China renders foreigners very uneasy.

—A Hong Kong correspondent says that the Chinese have abandoned Bamnah and Bontay and will arrest the movement of their troops on the frontier.

—Two British steamers were wrecked on the Dutch coast and most of the crews drowned.

—The Spanish Minister of War insists, it is said, on the adoption of universal suffrage in the revision of the constitution.

—The visit of Prince Frederick William, of Germany, to Spain causes much uneasiness in Vienna.

—A severe storm has struck the coast of the British Isles, verifying the predictions of the *Herald*.

—The North Wales colliers have given notice to their employers that they shall demand an advance in wages of fifteen per cent., and the Staffordshire colliers have given notification for a demand for a ten per cent. increase.

—The districts of Crna Reka, Kujanovats, Banja, Alexinatz and Kraina, Servia, have been declared in a state of siege. All the available troops have been sent to the front. The rebels no longer retreat from the troops, but encounter them in a determined manner. Some desperate fighting has occurred. The insurgents hold Aleksinatz.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

—General Hazen in his statement before the Proteus Court of Inquiry insisted that all due care had been taken in the selection of the relief vessel and in her equipment.

—During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, there was collected under the internal revenue taxes the sum of $144,-459,966.

—The chief of the Secret Service Division of the Treasury Department, says: "It is a matter for congratulation, both with the public and this office, that for two years past there has not been put in circulation a new counterfeit note."

—The annual report of Register Bruce of the Treasury shows that the total tonnage of the country exhibits an increase of 69,554 tons, the registered tonnage having increased 9,830 tons, the enrolled 51,349 tons, and the licensed under 20 tons, 8,404 tons; that the sailing tonnage has increased 25,326 tons, the steam tonnage 37,368 tons, and the canal boat tonnage 10,792 tons, while the barge tonnage has decreased 23,911 tons. The ship building during the past year was less by 16,839 tons than that of the preceding year. The aggregate amount of tonnage employed in the cod and mackerel fisheries is shown to be 95,698 tons, being an increase of about twenty-two per cent. during the year. The amount of tonnage employed in the whale fisheries, 32,414 tons, eighty-nine per cent. belongs to New Bedford.

—Commander Wilden, in his testimony before the Proteus Court of Inquiry, attributed the failure of the relief expedition to insufficient preparations and want of capacity in the commander of the leading ship.

—The new regulations governing the uniform of officers of the United States Navy has been signed by the Secretary.

A Doctor's Ruse.

HOW A PARISIAN PHYSICIAN MANAGED TO OBTAIN A LARGE PRACTICE.

The following story, told by London *Life*, serves to illustrate the love of the French people for the mysterious:

A short time ago a Parisian doctor set up an establishment in the Faubourg Montmartre. He assumed a high-sounding name, furnished his house in a weird and fantastic fashion, engaged solemn-looking and taciturn servants, and announced that he could only see patients after the hours of midnight or in the gray dawn of morning. The effect was electrical. Every weak-minded person, with maladies real or imaginary, flocked to the new medico, who soon began to reap a golden harvest. At last the suspicions of the police were aroused. The Commissary paid him a personal visit and asked to see his diploma. To his surprise he found out that not only had the suspected individual taken good degrees, but that he gradjated with the highest honors at the Paris University. Just as he was taking his departure, however, the doctor entreated him not to let anyone know of his high qualifications. The Commissary, with some surprise, asked him the reason of his desire to conceal so much intellectual light under a bushel.

"Why," replied the other, "if my patients only knew that I was a mere doctor, my practice would vanish like the snow."

MARKET NOTES.

NEW YORK MARKET.

The Wholesale New York market quotations show:

Flour—Prime, $6.10@6.25, fair to good, $5.15@6.10 per barrel.

Wheat—New York sold at 1@2c. for choice in mills, and 1@2c. nearer to good. Western Transacted at 2@2½c. and the common Western at 2@3c.

Corn—Factory lower, 1½@1½c. for No. 2 good, 1@1½c.

Oats—Prices ranged from 75c. for ordinary, to 30c. for New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Pork—Regular, $9.00@9.12½. Western, $8.75@9.00. Mess, New York, $8.50@9.00.

Rye—Shipping, 52@53c.; choice, 55@56c., sail, 54c. extra, 56@57c.

Beef—New York, Ingalls, Western, 29@37c. Texas, 20@25c. Pacific coast, 20@25c.

Provisions—Refined, Tubs, crude, 6½@7½c. in bulk; 7c. barrels, 8½c. tierces, 8½c. in shipping order, and 10@10½c. in store.

Lard—Prime, Western, 5½@5½c. Refined, Tierces, 6½@7c. Tubs, 7½@8c. Kettle, 8½@9c.

Butter—Spring No. 2, $1.00@1.40. Middlings, No. 3, $1.50; amber, $1.75@2.40, white, $2.00@2.50.

Coal—Cumberland Western Mined, Steamer Mined, Shipping, in elevator, Philadelphia, No. 2, $2.75@3.00, in elevator, Baltimore, No. 2, $2.75@3.00. Anthracite, Broken, $4.25@4.50. Egg, $4.25@4.50. Stove, $4.25@4.50. Chestnut, $4.25@4.50. Pea, $3.00@3.25.

Petroleum—Refined, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Western, 7½c. New York, 7½c. Naphtha, 6½c. Crude, 6½c. Benzine, 9½@10c. Gasoline, 10c.

BOSTON MARKET.

Flour—Prime, $4.00@4.10 for low and medium, to $4.50@5.00 for choice Minnesota. Corn, 65@67c. for mixed and yellow.

Oats—Common, 39@40c.; Vermont choice, 42@43c. Eastern common, 39@40c.

Cheese—12@13c.

Eggs—$1.20@1.21.

Hay—Choice, $19@21.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Buffalo—Cattle, good quality, $5.60@6.00, fair to good, $4.50@5.75; best, $6.25.

East Liberty, Penn.—Best cattle, $6.50@6.75, medium to good, $6.00@6.50; common to fair, $5.50@6.00; best Yorkers, $4.70@4.80; Philadelphias, $4.60@4.65; Baltimores, $4.60@4.65.

Chicago—Cattle, Choice, $——@——; extra, $5.00@5.30; first quality, $4.60@4.90; second quality, $4.00@4.50; third quality, $3.50@4.00; cows and mixed, $2.00@3.50; veals, $5.00@6.50; grass steers, $3.00@4.25; Texas cattle, $3.00@3.75.

THE CHANGE OF TIME.

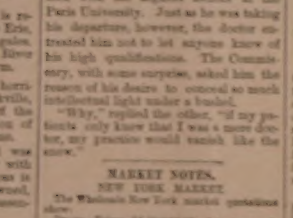
THE NEW TIME STANDARD WHICH HAS NOW GONE INTO EFFECT.

How the Change was Made—Its Adoption to be Almost Universal Through the Country—Description of the New System.

At 12 o'clock Sunday, Nov. 18, there was such a shaking-up of the clocks and watches of this country as never happened before. The new system of standard times for the United States, Canada and British America went into effect at that hour. When the moment that the sun crossed the seventy-fifth meridian of longitude at noon was determined at the United States Observatory at Washington the time was telegraphed throughout the country, so that there could be a general resetting of clocks and watches. The Western Union time ball was dropped at the standard noon hour, and the time balls at the various scientific observatories at different places recorded the hour.

The new system is readily explained. Hereafter there will be only five sets of "times" among all the principal towns of this continent. The country has been divided off into five parallel sections, running north and south, each section being fifteen degrees of longitude in width, representing just one hour's time by the passage of the sun. The sections will be designated as the Eastern, the Atlantic, the Valley, the Mountain and the Pacific. The Eastern will comprise all that part of the continent lying between a line which passes near the city of St. John, N. B., and the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic section will comprise the seaboard States from Maine to Florida, on the east, and the tier of States from Ohio to Alabama on the west, also the Lower Lakes. The Valley section will comprise Mississippi and Missouri Valleys, the Upper Lakes and Texas. The Mountain region will comprise the Rocky Mountains, and the Pacific section will take in what is popularly called the Pacific slope, as well as British Columbia.

The divisions may be understood by a little study of the following diagram:



When it is noon at 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, representing New York, Boston, Washington, Charleston, Buffalo, Quebec and Toronto, it will be one hour after noon, or 1 o'clock, at 1, 2 and 3, representing the two St. Johns and Halifax. At the same time it will be one hour before noon—11 o'clock—in the valley region, denoted by the figures 12, 29, 14, 15, 16 and 17, representing New Orleans, St. Louis, St. Paul, Kansas City, Galveston and Chicago. Within all the space comprised by the mountain region, indicated by 18 and 19—Denver and Salt Lake City, it will be two hours before noon of the Atlantic region—or 10 o'clock, while in the Pacific region, 20 and 21, representing San Francisco and Victoria, it will be three hours before noon by the Atlantic time, or 9 o'clock.

The people of New York and Brooklyn had to make but a slight change, as these localities are near the middle of the Atlantic region. They will set their clocks and watches back three minutes. The Bostonians were obliged to go back sixteen minutes, while the Bethlehemites advanced their timepieces fourteen minutes. Washington loses eight minutes. Chicago loses ten minutes, while Cincinnati loses thirty-eight minutes.

New Orleans and Denver are the only two towns of any note in which there will have to be no change, the central meridians of the Valley and Mountain regions, respectively, passing directly through those two cities. At St Louis a change of only one minute will have to be made, and that will be on the losing side. At 12 o'clock, astronomical time, it will be 12:01 by the new standard time.

"The great advantage of this new plan," said a well-known railroad man, "is that in traveling the minute hand of your watch will always be correct. As you pass from one division into another you are not bothered with trying to learn what is the difference in time between that place from which you started and your objective point. In going from New York to Chicago you will not have to look after Albany time and then Buffalo and Columbus and Chicago. You have only at the last place to subtract one hour from the time your watch shows, and you are just right."

SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS.

In New England $113.17 and in New York States $81.08 for Each Inhabitant.

The report of the Comptroller of the Currency is made. Referring to the affairs of banks, trust companies and savings banks, which are organized under the laws of the different States, he says that returns of such institutions have during the past year been received from twenty-four States. The returns from 788 State banks and trust companies show:

Loans and discounts, $462,980,585; deposits, $400,374,217; specie, $18,222,930; legal tenders, bank notes, etc., $28,230,-069; capital stock, $125,230,666; circulation, $187,978; surplus fund, $54,-575,461.

The returns of 630 savings banks show: Loans on real estate, $628,197,808; loans on personal and collateral security, $155,-874,622; deposits, $1,024,806,797; surplus fund, $72,784,150. This includes returns from all the New England States, from four Middle States, including Delaware, and from Ohio, Indiana, California, and the District of Columbia. The aggregate of loans in the New England States is $272,112,524, and of deposits $459,800,000. In the Middle States the aggregate of loans is $161,-102,779, and of deposits $430,044,206, Some of the largest savings banks in the city of Philadelphia, organized under old charters, are not required to make reports to any State officer. Returns received directly from four of these banks, having deposits amounting to $31,347,733, are included in the returns from Pennsylvania.

The total population of New England according to the census of 1880, was 4,010,529, and the number of open deposit accounts of the savings banks, in the year 1885, to be 1,368,997, which is equal to 34.1 accounts to each 100 of the entire population. The average amount of each account is $331.55, and if the total deposits were divided among the entire population the average sum of $113.17 could be given to each individual. The deposits of the savings banks in the State of New York were 1,247,247,213, while the population is 5,082,871, showing that an equal distribution of the savings bank deposits among the entire population of the State would give $245.08 to each individual.

The returns from 743 private bankers for the six months ended Nov. 30, 1882, when the act repealing the law requiring such returns went into effect, and the tax on capital and deposits ceased, show the following totals: Capital, $66,366,845; deposits, $108,445,326; invested in United States bonds, $9,964,-326. The returns from the 306 private bankers in New York city show: Capital, $61,758,272; deposits, $56,365,864; invested in United States bonds, $7,926,545.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE APPEAL FOR A foreign protectorate, which the Haytian Government is said to regard as a possible way out of its troubles, would probably come to nothing if it should be made. France and the United States are the two countries that Salomon thinks of calling upon if he should find Bazelais too strong to be over-thrown. But Frances in Tonin, Tonquin, and Madagascar has foreign entanglements enough to occupy her; while as to our own country, apart from its resolute policy of non-interference in the domestic troubles of foreign peoples, it would hardly undertake to shoulder the charge of a civil war in Hayti, after having refused to exercise a protectorate or even to acquire a port in San Domingo, the easterly section of the same island, or to buy St. Thomas when the bargain with Denmark had been nearly consummated.

A PHILADELPHIA PAPER REMARKS: John Swinton's grievance against William Vanderbilt is, that the gentleman's wealth would, if put in gold coin, overburden twenty-six elephants. Thus, through the rugged crags and peaks of Mr. Swinton's character, shine the pure soft rays of his devotion to the cause of preventing cruelty to animals.

IT IS SAID THAT THE advantages of the new system of keeping time, especially for travelers and in the running of railroad trains, are so great and obvious that they will counterbalance considerable local inconvenience. Besides, every locality can retain its own time for local uses if it chooses to do so; but it is not likely that many watches and clocks in the United States will long be ran on the old time. From Maine to California millions of minute hands and second hands will soon all keep step together, and only the hour hands will differ. When the clocks in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and other Eastern cities are striking 12, those in Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans will be striking 11, those in Denver 10, and those in San Francisco 9. This chiming of clock bells from one edge of the continent to the other will mark the introduction into our time reckoning of something of the regularity of planetary movements, for the steadily rotating earth will itself be the chief time-piece of all.

THE SAILORS ON THE GREAT lakes have had good occasion during the late gales to appreciate the value of the Life Saving Service. The storms were severe, as they often are on these treacherous inland seas; there have been many wrecks, and a number of lives have been lost. The number would have been much greater if it had not been for the Life Saving crews, who worked with real heroism. The rescued men all speak with the greatest gratitude of the help received. The work done by the Service on occasions like these and like the Ohio floods last spring gives it a high place in the affections of vast numbers of the people throughout the country.

TO ENGLISH GENTLEMEN resident in America, remarks the London *World*, nothing is more galling than the misconduct of too many of the "swell" English visitors. A very prominent member of the committee of the New York Union club complained to me bitterly of the behavior of some of the young Englishmen admitted there. "Why in the world do you let them in?" I asked. "Well," he said, "——'s name came up yesterday for an extention of his honorary membership, and I moved its rejection." Young Lord T. went in a morning coat to a dinner party in New York, but his host was equal to the occasion. "Ah," he said, "I see you don't know our ways. I will wait with pleasure until you have changed your dress." Lord W. did the same thing at a very smart party at Newport. Lord M. gave a check for a considerable sum, which was returned dishonored. This year matters seem worse than ever. Some of those who went West as guests in the party of Mr. Hatch seem to have outraged all decency.

HOW MUCH OF THE money recovered by injured persons from railroad companies and other corporations by suit at law is held by the plaintiffs for their own benefit? Not a large part, if the payments made to lawyers are generally as great as the sum demanded by counsel employed in the Harrold case. Major Harrold recovered $30,000 from a New York elevated railroad company, and his counsel, Mr. Chauncey Shaffer, refuses to take a fee of $10,000 and $5,000 for expenses, asserting that $25,000 would "hardly compensate him." The money recovered is held by a trust company, and, as the question about Mr. Shaffer's fee has been taken into the courts, it is difficult to see now wherein Major Harrold is any better off than he was before.

TO COLLECT $137,622,842 or internal revenue last year, the total cost was $4,092,708—a little less than 3 cents on the dollar. The elaborate tables showing the cost in the different States are of no value, because the very heavy payments made in a few of the States or districts do not involve a corresponding addition to the official or clerical labor. In Mississippi and Alabama the cost is 25 cents on the dollar, but if the system were not faithfully maintained in such States it would not be possible to collect $70 for every dollar of expense in Illinois, or $55 in New York, or $49 in Ohio. The cost will be materially reduced, moreover, by the consolidation of districts recently effected by the President—the Commissioner estimates at least $315,000 yearly. But the repeal of many taxes and the reduction of taxes on tobacco, he judges, will reduce the receipts to $120,000,000 for the current year.

A CITY'S PEOPLE.—Scarcely more than fifty per cent of the population of Chicago was born in the United States. No less than 94,000 of the present inhabitants of that city have poured in from the various States of the German empire, The Bohemians number 12,000; the Canadians, 15,000; Danes, 3,100; French, nearly 2,000; Irish, nearly 50,000; Hollanders, nearly 3,300; Italians, 1,400; Norwegians, 5,700; Swedes, 16,000; Poles, 5,700; and Swiss, 2,000; with a sprinkling of Russians, Hungarians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and men of almost every other race and nationality under the sun.

EVERY subscriber for a country paper can do much for the paper by becoming a reporter for it. That would greatly help the editor in getting out a readable sheet. The trouble with the average subscriber is that he is not content with being a reporter. He wants to write the editorials.

Feeding and Dressing Fowls.

Mrs. Fanny Field, an authority on poultry matters, reports through *The Prairie Farmer* that she has had best success in fattening by use of as much as the hens or turkeys can eat clean of a mixture morning and noon of boiled potatoes, beets and carrots, thickened with corn and barley meal, and whole corn at night, and milk kept by them constantly in abundant supply:

"Ten days or two weeks of such feeding will put fowls in prime condition for market, i. e., if they are in decent order to begin with; but if they have been half starved all summer, no amount of extra feeding will ever make them as good for table use as the fowls that have been well kept all their lives. The best market turkeys I ever saw were well fed from the time they were twenty hours old. For the last month they were fed three times daily—cooked vegetables and meal at morning and noon, and corn at night. They had all they would eat up clean each time, but no food was left in their feeding places. They had free range, but I don't think they went ten rods from the buildings. When killed they were between six and seven months of age, and the dressed weight of the eighty was 1,286 pounds."

Reasonable objection is made to confining in close, dark pens; give light and comfortable room for exercise, even if this humane treatment renders necessary the use of a handful more of food:

"Twice we tried fattening turkeys in pens in a barn cellar where it was only light enough to enable the fowls to see to eat; the cellar was dry and warm, feed and drink were kept in the pens all the time, but those turkeys would only eat just enough to keep from starvation, and they actually weighed less after three weeks of confinement than they did when we shut them up. I happen to know half a dozen other people who tried the same thing with the same result."

Mr. D. W. Lewis takes up the subject from the commercial point of view, and in a recent circular reminds farmers of the requisites for securing highest prices in the New York market:

"Fowls should not be fed for twenty-four hours before killing, as food in the crop is liable to sour and injure its sale. Bleeding in the mouth is the best mode of killing. Heads and feet should be left on. In dressing, the water should be as near the boiling point as possible, without actually boiling. Dip the bird into the water three times, holding it by the legs. The feathers must be then quickly and thoroughly removed, without breaking the skin. Then dip into boiling water two seconds, and immediately afterward into cold water the same length of time. Wet dressed poultry is generally preferred up to Thanksgiving, after which time dry picked has the preference. Small fat turkeys sell best the season through, except at Thanksgiving and Christmas, when large, dry picked birds only are wanted. Geese all best at Christmas."

Why he Reformed.

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I cannot drink anything," said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard.

"This is the first time you ever refused a drink," said an acquaintance.

"The other day you were hustling around after a cocktail, and in fact you even asked me to set 'em up."

"That's very true, but I am a very different man now."

"Preachers had a hold of you?"

"No sir, no one has said anything to me."

"Well, what has caused the reformation?"

"I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day, I kept on hustling for a cocktail, as you term it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. I would not have stopped at this, but my friends had to hurry away to catch a train. To a man of my temperament, a half-drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self respect in his efforts to get more to drink. Failing at the saloons, I remembered that there was a half pint of whisky at home, which had been purchased for medicinal purposes. Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and looking over the fence I saw my little son and daughter playing 'No, you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Now you sit here an' I'll come in drunk. Wait now till I fill my bottle.' He took a bottle which he ran away and filled with water. Pretty soon he returned and entering the playhouse, nodded idiotically at his little girl, and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said:

"'James, why will you do this way?'

"'Whizzer way?' he replied.

"'Gettin' drunk.'

"'Who's drunk?'

"'You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breakin' my heart?'

"I hurried away. The acting was too life-like. I could think of nothing during the day but those little children playing in the garden, and I vowed that I would never take another drink, and I will not, so help me God."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Sportsman's Joke.

Recently in a Yorkshire paper there appeared an account of a week's sport on the estate of Mr. Christopher Sykes, M. P., professing to be by that gentleman's permission. It was said that thousands of rabbits and hares, some hundreds of jays, thrushes and waterhens, seventeen polecats, two stoats, three magpies, one water rat, eight cock pheasants and one hen partridge, had fallen before the guns of the sportsmen, and the bag would have been greater if a large consignment of woodcocks, specially ordered from Holland, had arrived in time. Mr. Sykes, having in vain demanded an apology, publishes the name of the author of this bit of fiction, who turns out to be Lord Lascelles.

The Latest Bonanza in California.

BIENER, CAL.—Mr. Thomas F. Ford, editor of the *Mountain Tribune*, of this place, publishes that the great pain-cure, St. Jacobs Oil, has worked wonders in his family, and that he would not be without it. He states that among all the people St. Jacobs Oil is the most popular medicine ever introduced.

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"No sir, no one has said anything to me."

"Well, what has caused the reformation?"

"I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day, I kept on hustling for a cocktail, as you term it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. I would not have stopped at this, but my friends had to hurry away to catch a train. To a man of my temperament, a half-drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self respect in his efforts to get more to drink. Failing at the saloons, I remembered that there was a half pint of whisky at home, which had been purchased for medicinal purposes. Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and looking over the fence I saw my little son and daughter playing 'No, you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Now you sit here an' I'll come in drunk. Wait now till I fill my bottle.' He took a bottle which he ran away and filled with water. Pretty soon he returned and entering the playhouse, nodded idiotically at his little girl, and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said:

"'James, why will you do this way?'

"'Whizzer way?' he replied.

"'Gettin' drunk.'

"'Who's drunk?'

"'You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breakin' my heart?'

"I hurried away. The acting was too life-like. I could think of nothing during the day but those little children playing in the garden, and I vowed that I would never take another drink, and I will not, so help me God."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Sportsman's Joke.

Recently in a Yorkshire paper there appeared an account of a week's sport on the estate of Mr. Christopher Sykes, M. P., professing to be by that gentleman's permission. It was said that thousands of rabbits and hares, some hundreds of jays, thrushes and waterhens, seventeen polecats, two stoats, three magpies, one water rat, eight cock pheasants and one hen partridge, had fallen before the guns of the sportsmen, and the bag would have been greater if a large consignment of woodcocks, specially ordered from Holland, had arrived in time. Mr. Sykes, having in vain demanded an apology, publishes the name of the author of this bit of fiction, who turns out to be Lord Lascelles.

The Latest Bonanza in California.

BIENER, CAL.—Mr. Thomas F. Ford, editor of the *Mountain Tribune*, of this place, publishes that the great pain-cure, St. Jacobs Oil, has worked wonders in his family, and that he would not be without it. He states that among all the people St. Jacobs Oil is the most popular medicine ever introduced.

Fences.

In his recently published book on "Farm Fences," Professor Scott estimates that five dollars is invested in fences for every acre of inclosed land in Great Britain and Ireland, and that the annual maintenance of fences costs about seventy-five cents an acre. The total capital thus invested in the United Kingdom must be, at this rate, nearly $250,000,000, and the annual outlay about $33,000,000. Professor Scott believes that a great deal of fencing might be dispensed with to the positive advantage of agriculture, and that the general introduction of wire instead of wood would effect a great additional saving.

City Patronage.

The proprietors of a Boston hotel, have issued orders not to give credit to members of the city government for refreshments. This action is the result of a flagrant abuse of privileges allowed the members of the City Council under certain conditions. A bill of $369, over which there has been a dispute, involving charges of fraud on the part of members of the Council, has been returned as a present to the city, with the understanding, however, that no more city patronage would be received during the present administration.

SEAL.—The large advance in the price of sealskins lately reported from the London market was explained by the announcement that the catch of seals this year had been very small. The San Francisco *Chronicle* denies that this is the fact, and asserts that the Alaska Company, which is permitted under its lease from the government to kill 100,-000 seals annually, has killed more than 90,000 this year.

Health first, riches afterward. All forms of heart disease, including palpitation, rheumatism, spasms, bony formation, enlargement, valvular derangements, acute pains in left breast, etc., yield to the use of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. $1 per bottle at druggists.

He that gives his heart will not deny his money.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—a general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulic or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod Liver Oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For all "wasting" diseases of blood and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTHING is uglier than crooked boots, straighten them with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners.

I WAS TROUBLED with Chronic Catarrh and gathering in my head, was very deaf at times, had discharges from my ears, and was unable to breathe through the nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured, and to-day enjoy sound health.—C. J. CORBIN, 923 Chestnut st., Field Manager, Philadelphia Pub. House, Phila., Nov. 14th'81.

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should inclose three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Issue series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Hoon's Sarsaparilla is made of roots, herbs and barks. It gives tone to the stomach; makes the weak strong. Sold by druggists.

Pig-headed people are generally boars.

A DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCE.

His Successful Undertaking and Escape from an Impending Fate.

(Dispatch, N. Y., News.)

One morning several years ago, just as the dull gray light was beginning to show itself in the east, a small band of men might have been seen deployed about a house on Perry Street, in Buffalo. There was nothing special either in the dress or appearance of the men to indicate their intentions, for it was plain that they had business of importance on hand. Suddenly a man appeared at one of the windows, took in the situation at a glance, and, swinging himself forward with wonderful quickness, scaled the roof of the house. The man was Tom Pickard, the notorious counterfeiter; and, armed to the teeth and fully realizing his situation, he defied justice and the officials below him. Some of the officers, knowing the desperate character of the man, proposed to shoot him until he was killed, but one of their number promptly protested, and declared that he would not have every would-be of him to assend he would suffocate the man alive. Accordingly he began the difficult and dangerous task, and succeeded in bringing his prisoner to the ground in safety.

The man who accomplished this task was Mr. Thomas Curtin, the present superintendent of the agency at Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Curtin is a man who is known by every prominent detective and policeman in America, and he stands pre-eminently in the front of his profession. Quiet and gentlemanly in appearance and manner, yet possessing a courage combined with marked physical powers, that make him the terror of evil doers and the pride of law-abiding citizens. Few people can realize the hardships, trials, exposures, and even privations, to which the members of every municipal police and free department are exposed. Compelled to be on duty at all hours, and in all weathers, to the most inclement weather, and often necessitated by the nature of their duties to perform their undertakings, they endure a nervous and physical strain that is terrible. Such was the experience of Mr. Curtin and he soon days, and it is not surprising that he found himself suffering from a mysterious physical trouble. Desiring his experience to a representative of this paper he said:

"At times when I was on duty I would feel an unaccountable weariness and lack of energy. My appetite was also uncertain and my head seemed dull and heavy. I did not fully understand these troubles, but supposed, as most people suppose, that I was suffering from malaria. I tried to throw off the feeling, but it would not go. I thought I might overcome it, but found I was mistaken, and I finally became so badly off that it was almost impossible to attend to my duties. I have known any number of men in the police and fire departments of this country who have been afflicted as I was, and I doubt not there are to-day hundreds similarly troubled who, like myself, did not know the cause, or really what ailed them."

"Your present appearance, Mr. Curtin, does not indicate much physical debility," said the interviewer as he looked at the 200 pounds of bone and muscle standing nearly five feet eleven inches in his height before him.

"Oh, no; that is altogether a thing of the past, and I am happy to say that for more than a year I have enjoyed almost perfect health, although I now realize that I was on the road to certain death by Bright's disease of the kidneys and traveling at a very rapid pace."

"How did you come to recover so completely?"

"That is just what I want to tell you, for I believe it may be of great service to many others in my profession, who may possibly bear of it. I began the use of a popular